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APRIL

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The Amazing Inside Story of How They Made "S"

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PHOTOPLAY

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REST IN HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIOS



BETTY GRABLE
featured in the Paramount picture
"COLLEGE SWING"

... MEANS REST FOR EYES, TOO!

Keep your eyes clear and serene, on windy or sunny days, the way Hollywood stars do! Wherever you go—to the tennis matches, golf links or polo fields, on streets or busy movie lots—you'll see dark lens sun goggles worn to rest and protect the eyes.

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SATURDAY morning and the campus is "abuzz" with "What movie are you going to see?" Monday morning and the query is repeated, but in the past tense.

I know, because for three years I was a coed at a Chinese university, the only foreign coed in a school of six hundred Chinese men and women. And for three years each week end was issued in and out with the same question.

Chinese students are the most movie-conscious group of young people I have ever come across. But it is not their own Chinese idols that so hold their interest. Not the pretty and talented Butterfly Wu, the Queen of the Chinese movies, but Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford.

Many's the time I have sat on the bank of the Whangpoo—junks with their crazy-quilt sails passing by, and a Chinese moon over the yellow waters—and listened to a slick-haired almond-eyed youth croon "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie" in the best Bing Crosby manner, accompanying himself on a uke, his long thin fingers rhythmically plucking the strings.

Many's the time I have gone to a dance with an aspiring young doctor or engineer who, nevertheless, would be Fred Astaire. If my appearance pleased them, they'd pay me the highest tribute, "But you look like Jeanette MacDonald tonight—so beautiful. I shall teach you a new step tonight, if you will let me. I saw it in 'Follow the Fleet.' Just follow me."

Shirley Temple reigns like a little deity. Her pictures grace the walls of both the men's and women's dorms. Her popularity became gigantic after "Stowaway," in which she spoke a few words of Chinese.

That was six months ago. The University has been bombed and shelled. Some of the buildings have been razed to the ground. Others have been looted and pillaged. The beautiful grounds have been turned into dugouts. These laughing, singing, dancing students have been scattered: some have been killed, some have fled from China, some have joined up as soldiers or nurses. They have witnessed horror and ghastliness. They are no longer carefree and happy. They have changed. And, yet in this one respect—

The other day I received a letter from a Chinese friend. A bloodcurdling letter so vivid in its description of the poverty, the disease, the misery all around. But the P. S. was typical—"What good pictures have you seen lately?"

ESTHER BRICK,
McMinnville, Oregon.



NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH

In a peasant's frock and wooden shoes she found American triumph, debuting as Gretchen of "The Buccaneer"—Hungarian Franciska Gaal

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.



BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE MONTH

Scene stealer supreme: Hugh Sothern, whose depiction of "Old Hickory" was an epic performance in an epic picture, "The Buccaneer"

quite so much at the hands of her wicked stepmother. Which was well and good, as my three small daughters are very imaginative and shed quite a few tears over the Queen's one dastardly deed—and that was when she persuaded Snow White to bite the poisoned apple.

The ending makes the little Princess a much nicer girl by not being so cruel to the wicked Queen.

(Continued on page 94)

★ DAVID COPPERFIELD ★ NOTHING SACRED ★

The Best Of *David O. Selznick's* 10 Best Pictures



Selznick International presents

MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

★

DANCING LADY ★

DINNER AT EIGHT ★

★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA ★

★ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY ★

BRIEF *Reviews*

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox

A pointed satire on the present administration, this is a rollicking well-staged, and very funny piece if you have a sense of humor. Falling asleep, Eddie Cantor dreams of ancient Bagdad, which is in dreadful shape. He suggests to Sultan Roland Young a few New Dealish measures which might be taken. Thereupon the film becomes a frantic and magnificently impossible hash. You'll like Tony Martin, Raymond Scott's band, June Lang and all the songs. (Jan.)

★ BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M

Utah's beautiful scenery forms the background for this equally rugged tale of the early Western bad man. Wally Beery hasn't been so good since "Viva Villa" and Dennis O'Keefe, as the son who never recognized his father in the killer, will give Gary Cooper a run for his money some day. Virginia Bruce, Guy Kibbee, Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot are superior. Good. (March)

★ BARRIER, THE—Paramount

Rex Beach's story of men who went to Alaska during the gold rush to escape sins committed in the States, and of the romances which flourished in the wilderness, retains considerable interest in this latest screening. Jean Parker is the supposed half-breed who marries army lieutenant James Ellison. Leo Carrillo steals the show as Polleton, the trapper. (Jan.)

BEG, BORROW OR STEAL—M-G-M

A merry mix-up with Frank Morgan as the lovable scamp who lives by his wits. He invites daughter Florence Rice to be married in his French château, then discovers that he can't use buttons for money to pay the rent. John Beal steps in to take charge of both daughter and papa. George Givot, Herman Bing and Erik Rhodes add in the hilarity. (Feb.)

BIG TOWN GIRL—20th Century-Fox

A happy tale of an overzealous press agent, Alan Dinehart, who makes a great radio star out of Claire Trevor, a small-town plunger Donald Woods, as Claire's beau, turns in a gratifying performance as do Miss Trevor and Dinehart. A cosy little picture you'll like. (Feb.)

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY—Paramount

There will be no bouquets for "Blossoms." The plot was nipped in the bud. Edward Arnold is a likeable rogue who keeps within the law only to find the heiress he was promoting is a phony, too. Weber and Fields are well presented; Shirley Ross sings well; Bill Frawley gets all the laughs. (Feb.)

BORROWING TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

The familiar Jones family's homely tribulations this time involve the adoption of a wayward boy who is promptly suspected of robbing the Jones drugstore. This is like sugar-candy hearts with mottoes on them. (Jan.)

BOY OF THE STREETS—Monogram

Parents will approve the moral lesson in this little tidbit, and children will love the exciting action provided entirely by young stars. Maureen O'Connor (a newcomer), sings nicely; Jackie Cooper is splendid; and Guy Usher and Marjorie Main turn in fine performances as the parents. (Feb.)

★ BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount

With a stirring story woven from American history, an exceptional cast, lavish production and some incredible photography, C. B. De Mille has achieved a masterpiece. The plot revolves around pirate Jean Lafitte's love life and patriotic efforts on behalf of the U. S. during the War of 1812. Freddie March, Francisca Gaal (Paramount's new little Hungarian star), and notably Hugh Sothern as Andrew Jackson are knockouts. Don't miss this for anything. (March)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S REVENGE—Paramount

John Howard, Scotland Yard detective who always gets his man, here finds himself tangled with international crooks who steal a box of high explosives—of all things. John Barrymore's banter lifts the gloom. Louise Campbell is again Howard's sweetheart. (Jan.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO—20th Century-Fox

The smoothness of Warner Oland as Charlie, the laughable blunders of son Keye Luke, and the tip-top comedy of Harold Huber contribute to make this tale of high finance and murder a "best" Chan story. Virginia Field and Kay Linaker are the maids of mystery. (Jan.)

CHECKERS—20th Century-Fox

Jane Withers clicks again in this story of a race horse that endangers the romance between Una Merkel and Stuart Erwin. When the horse breaks a leg, and Una listens to the blandishments of the town banker, Miss Fix-It Withers steps in and does her stuff (March)

★ CONQUEST—M-G-M

History, pageantry and romance brought to unparalleled heights of beauty by the peerless acting of Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer in one of the loveliest of love stories—that of Napoleon and Marie Walewska, the patriotic Polish countess who bore him a son. The production, photography and direction are of the finest, the huge cast including Dame May Whitty, Henry Stephenson, Reginald Owen and Maria Ouspenskaya is exceptionally brilliant. It cost \$3,000,000 and it's worth it. (Jan.)

★ DAMSEL IN DISTRESS, A—RKO-Radio

Aided by those zanies, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Fred Astaire overcomes a top-heavy plot about a titled heiress (Joan Fontaine) who falls for a London dancer, and turns on his finest rhythmic gymnastics to enchant you. George Gershwin's last score enlivens the entire piece. (Feb.)

DANGER—LOVE AT WORK—20th Century-Fox

In this outlandish story, the mad, modern-type of comedy so popular at the moment comes a cropper. Jack Haley is a lawyer who tries to get a deed signed by a screwball family. Mary Boland is good, Edward Everett Horton and Ann Sothern worthy of men. There is little excuse for the action. (Jan.)

DAUGHTER OF SHANGHAI—Paramount

Anna May Wong enlists in the U. S. Government's campaign to capture leaders in the smuggling racket on the Pacific coast, and contributes considerably to a tame picture. Snarling Charles Bickford, J. Carroll Naish and barrel-chested Larry Crabbe have outstanding roles. Just another movie. (March)

DR. SYN—GB

George Arliss here plays the rôle of a parson by day, a pirate by night. When the revenue officers interrupt his peaceful smuggling, murder enlivens the proceedings. Margaret Lockwood and John Loder bill and coo. The supporting cast is splendid. (Jan.)

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY—Paramount

They'll all be holidays for Mae if this little number is any indication. This is a lavish story of a female crook who dabbles in politics at the end of the century. Edmund Lowe, Charles Butterworth, Lloyd Nolan and Charles Winninger try hard but the picture drags like the West infection. (March)

★ GIRL WAS YOUNG, THE—GB

One always expects a deft handling of suspense, sane dialogue and expert delineation of character in Director Alfred Hitchcock's pictures and this one is no disappointment. Nova Pilbeam, sweetly grown up, is the constable's daughter; Derrick De Marney, the man suspected of murder with whom she falls in love. You will like this. (March)

GIRL WITH IDEAS, A—Universal

Wendy Barrie wins a newspaper away from Walter Pidgeon by way of a libel suit and the help of Kent Taylor. Such antics can't happen in a well-run news office, but the trio provide many laughs, who cares? George Barbier as Wendy's pa is a riot. (Jan.)

★ GOLDWYN FOLLIES, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

This incredibly beautiful musical has a dizzy story of Hollywood's original "no" girl (Andrea Leeds) and the producer whom nobody "noes" (Adolphe Menjou). The "Follies" are glorified by Balanchine's lovely American ballet, Metropolitan Helen Jepson's soprano, Phil Baker's wit, Charlie McCarthy's deadly sallies, the Ritz Brothers' clowning, Ella Logan and Kenny Baker's tuneful tuning and the poignant music of George and Ira Gershwin—the whole wrapped in Technicolor. A \$2,000,000 picture you'll never forget. (Feb.)

★ HEIDI—20th Century-Fox

A favorite of old and young is this tender little story of an orphan who brings a new hope into the life of a bitter recluse, and health and happiness to a crippled child. Shirley Temple, more grown-up, still retains her warmth and sweetness; Jean Hersholt, Mady Christians, Mary Nash and Marcia Mae Jones are excellent support. The best Temple picture to date. (Jan.)

HIGH FLYERS—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey's farewell performance as a movie team is one of their gayest pictures. The boys set off in a seaplane to capture jewel thieves and their mad antics in the air furnish the laughs. Lupe Velez sings several peppy songs. It's fun for the whole family. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 97)

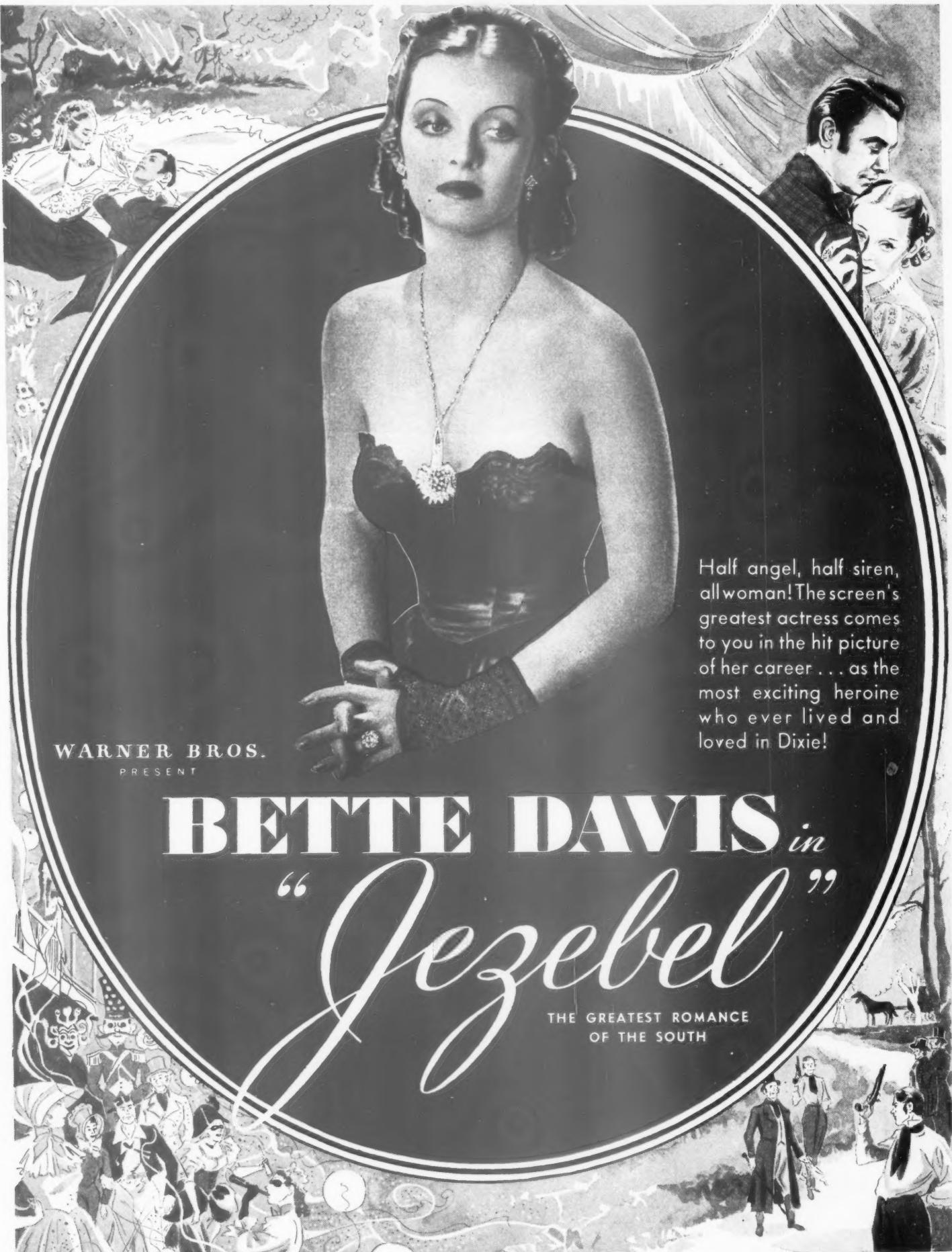
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Water pitcher; broadbrimmed hat; Foran nods to Priscilla Lane; and everybody was all wet in "Love, Honor and Behave"

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



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Music by Max Steiner

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PHOTOPLAY'S OWN Beauty Shop

**CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.**

OVELY LEGS—Are you leg-conscious? Do you tug at your skirts when you get into a car because you're afraid your escort will see that your stockings are off shade or your calves too prosperous? Wouldn't you like to be able to cross your legs without feeling that they're not attractive enough to be displayed so obviously?

Legs, universally, are the cynosure of all eyes—especially masculine eyes—and, after all, the main reason we all make up our faces and try to look our most attractive is to win masculine approval. And legs may be the lowest, but definitely not the least part of us to consider.

First of all, let's consider hosiery to flatter your legs and camouflage their

Jayne Regan knows a new leg trick. It has to do with those dark stripes up the back of her smart stockings

defects. We can't minimize the importance of correct hosiery, both to set off a costume and to emphasize good-looking legs. Willys of Hollywood is hosiery stylist to the stars, so I went to him to find out what the Hollywood stars are wearing. He's been creating hosiery for the screen for fifteen years, and he knows more about the stars' legs than any other one man in Hollywood. Don't forget that the camera

HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW

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Personal direction: S. Gregory Taylor

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When Marjorie Weaver goes out of an evening, tiny seed-pearl clocks on her hose add that certain something to her ensemble

Lynn Bari knows some valuable do's and don'ts pertaining to hosiery shades which you, too, may learn right now

that widens the figure also widens the legs; so art must be used to make them look beautiful, just as make-up is used on the face.

Willys created the new ombre hose for Dietrich to wear for sport. They're very dark brown in back and then are shaded to a lighter color in front. Dietrich doesn't need to wear any special type of hosiery to improve her legs, but, if yours are too heavy, stockings like these make your legs appear thinner.

Willys says that clock hose give a slenderizing effect to the leg, especially if the clock is only on the outside of the leg, and not on the inside as well. Marjorie Weaver wears tiny seed-pearl clocks up the sides of her hose for evening, giving a definitely glamorizing effect to her evening ensemble.

Dark stripes up the back of your stockings make your legs appear longer and thinner, and Jayne Regan has several pairs of this type.

According to the opinions of those who beautify the stars, the perfect leg means a slender ankle, measuring about eight inches around, a calf four and a half inches wider and a thigh seven inches wider than the calf. Although they are of different weights and heights, Alice Faye, Eleanor Powell and Ginger Rogers have these ideal leg measurements—eight-inch ankle, twelve and a half inch calf, and nineteen and a half inch thigh. All three of these girls exercise continually and carry themselves correctly and gracefully.

Fortunately, you, too, can have legs of these measurements, as it is really very easy to reduce legs and thighs. Here are some exercises recommended by Willys and used to great benefit by many of the stars who have found it necessary to slim their legs. When you start these exercises, do them only a few times at first, then gradually work up to the point where you can do them twenty times without straining. I warn you that you'll be stiff and sore the first few times you do them.

FOR the first exercise, you sit down on the floor with your arm stiff and the palm flat down on the floor slightly in back of you and at your side. Have your left leg extended, with the right one bent and your right foot flat on the floor. Raise your body, and with the left leg straight, kick directly up and back toward your left shoulder. To do this, you've raised your body so that your weight rests on your hands and your right foot. After you've done it five times, you reserve position and repeat with the right leg.

Walking like a duck is splendid to reduce bulging thighs. You sit in a squatting position with your arms folded across your chest. Then, remaining in this position, you start walking. Be sure, however, to put your heels down first. You can start with ten steps, and then work up to twenty steps.

Here's a strenuous exercise that you'll have to practice often before

your muscles will be strengthened enough to do it correctly; but the practice is going to help you break down the fatty tissues. Stand with your heels together, and your arms extended straight up over your head, with your back straight. Then squat down on your right leg, keeping your left leg forward and off the floor. The hard part of this is to get down to the floor without lowering your left leg and bending forward. The idea is to keep the body straight while you're lowering yourself. Try it five times and then repeat with the right leg off the floor. You'll practically feel your legs thinning themselves with this one.

Of course, if your legs are too muscular already and that's what's making them too large, the only thing you can do to reduce them is give up exercise entirely. Massaging them with a reducing cream is also helpful in breaking down the muscular tissue. Willys also recommends wearing ankle straps around the house to reduce thick ankles.

IT'S extremely difficult to put weight on thin legs. All you can really do is develop the muscles in your calves to fill them out. The bicycling exercise is marvelous for this. Joan Fontaine, whose problem is keeping her weight up, bicycles to develop her legs. However, you must remember that this exercise must be done slowly to develop the muscles. If you want to reduce your legs, bicycle rapidly and you'll break down the

tissues. That's an important thing to remember in all exercise—to reduce, you do it rapidly; to build up and develop, you do it slowly.

You must always take care that the surface of your legs is perfectly groomed. There are several good preparations on the market to remove superfluous hair, and these should be used regularly so that there is no unsightly fuzz to mar the appearance of your legs. If you have goose pimples or if your legs are rough-skinned, scrub them hard with a brush and soap when you take your bath to rub off those little scales, and dry your legs carefully. If the skin on your legs has become dry or glazed by the winter weather, rub some of your hand lotion or the foundation cream you use on your face into them before you go to bed at night to soften and refine the skin. After all, it won't be long now before you'll be displaying your legs on the beaches, and you'll want them to look their best then.

Be proud of your legs! Wear hosiery that compliments them, exercise to get them in the right proportions, and give them the same careful care that you give your face and hands.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.

AT HOME

IT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE—I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SOAP



OUT ON A PARTY



Save elasticity...
it's the secret of S.A.*

A run—and at the most embarrassing moment! What a pity... of course "he" notices that you've lost S. A.

You needn't have those constant runs, ugly wrinkles or snaky seams. Just use Lux.

Lux saves elasticity, so threads give instead of breaking easily into runs. Stockings fit better, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali—protects S. A. Use the economical big box for stockings!

saves stocking elasticity

*Stocking Appeal—
it's spoiled by
constant runs,
holes, twisty seams
and wrinkles

WHEN HOLLYWOOD Entertains



*Pandemonium plus Publicity equals
any star's party—for the papers. This
is what really occurs at such affairs*

**BY KAY CAMPBELL
and ROSAMOND MARIOTTI**

SEPARATING the wheat from the ballyhoo in Hollywood, you'll find that chandelier swinging at a Hollywood party is as out-of-date as the three-minute kiss. If, by any chance, you believe all you read (cinematic publicity), mad Hollywood does most of its entertaining in public, in the raucous, swinging, singing swirl of the gay niteries, in the star-powdered splendor of the Troc, and always wrapped in cellophane. And, if you believe all you hear, the parties given at home by the make-believe celebrities are attended by no less pandemonium and publicity.

As a matter of fact, Hollywood parties today are startlingly like the most luxurious parties anywhere else. Today, entertaining in the film colony begins or ends at home, where everything is so quiet you can hear an option drop and where no gate crashers are welcome.

The fact that the film colony takes its party-throwing seriously is indicated by the statistics which show that Hollywood spends several million dollars yearly on that form of entertainment. Contrary to what the studio publicists would have you believe in their tall tales of tall drinks, little women and great songs, there's considerable variety in the types of parties given. There are arty affairs for the artistically inclined; wrestling match excursions with an after-the-wrestling's-over supper for the mentally muscle-bound; swimming and tennis gatherings for the athletically ambitious; and bridge or roller-skating parties for the sit-downers.

As far as Gloria Stuart's social activities go, she believes in "going whole hog or none." She does just that, in her own special party fashion

TAKE one type of party, for example—Loretta Young's way of entertaining. Her parties—famous in Hollywood—are an outgrowth of Loretta's youthful love for games, and her grand enthusiasm that makes any entertainment she gives a success.

Most any night in the week, you can find her and her companions (Frank Borzage and his wife, Tay and Helga Moray Garnett, the Dave Butlers) playing that favorite game of Loretta's—"Hide the Thimble in Joplin." Here's the way it goes: one member of the group leaves the room while the others hide some object. Then, when each player is armed with a spoon, and a glass upon which to ring the spoon, the absent one is called in and told to search for the missing link. As he progresses from place to place and from object to object, the hiders tap swiftly when he's hot, slower when he's getting cold, and cease tapping entirely when he's off the track, so that, in reality, he is guided almost eerily in his search by the tattoo upon the glasses.

This might go on for hours—and then, Loretta, as the perfect hostess, provides her guests with a more specific type of entertainment—good food. This is one of her favorite dishes:

LORETTA YOUNG'S CHESS PIE

1/2 cup butter
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
8 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Make individual pie shells. Cream butter and gradually add sugar. Add chopped raisins, 1 whole egg and 2 egg yolks. Fill shells three-fourths full and cover with meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, sugar and vanilla. Brown meringue slightly in oven and, while browning, stir mixture into pie once or twice.

As a matter of fact, just as the Chess Pie is identified with youthful, vivacious Loretta, so are the Marx brothers identified, so far as food goes, with nuts! But Chico, who loves bridge

and plays it during every spare moment between takes on the set, dares to be different. So he invites friends in for a hand of bridge and dinner practically every night, and serves nuts, but pot roast and potato pancakes.

POTATO PANCAKES À LA MARX

3 cups flour
1 cup mashed potatoes, cold or hot
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs
3 cups sweet milk
1 tablespoon melted butter

Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Beat eggs and add to milk. Add tablespoon of melted butter and mashed potatoes. Mix all into a smooth batter as thick as will run in a stream from the lips of a pitcher. Bake on a well-greased, hot griddle until light brown.

THE oft-expressed Hollywood invitation, "We're having some friends in for dinner, we'd love to have you come in later," appalls Gloria Stuart, who believes in "going whole hog or none," and so she either invites people in for dinner or does not invite them at all.

Gloria, a stickler for correctness, is also a push-over for antiques. Her dining room is filled with Regency furniture, old silver candelabra and centerpieces, and a variety of rare old porcelains. Her chairs are rosewood, and the sideboard is of bright red mahogany. The table is of mahogany, and, set with rose and crystal glassware and Wedgewood Patrician dishes (white with godroon edge and lavender and rose flowers in the center), it reflects Gloria's unerring good taste. Her food specialty, a Panama fiesta dish, is really something to write home about and something that will delight your dinner guests.

GLORIA STUART'S FIESTA DISH

Take orange preserved in ginger, place over it one boned squab. Broil slightly, wrap in soft bread-crumb dressing (your favorite poultry dressing). Put this inside a boned chicken, broil 20 seconds. Wrap in dressing and place inside a boned duck. Broil, roll duck in bread-crumb dressing and place inside a boned turkey. Place under broiler several minutes.

Bake in oven for two and one-half hours, basting frequently with orange juice to which has been added one glass of melted raspberry jelly. Slow oven, 300 degrees to 350 degrees F.

Serve fowl with avocado paste prepared as follows: avocados beaten with one-half chopped onion to each avocado; one-half teaspoon of salt to each half avocado. Serve on toasted tortillas.

THOUGH living in Hollywood, neither Bette Davis nor her husband Ham Nelson have ever been of it. Most stars earning her salary are content with a house which costs no less than several hundred per month to rent. But Bette lives in her little sixty-per-month house by the side of Franklin Avenue and likes it.

Here, on an Early American table (brought from her home in Dennis on Cape Cod) covered with a checkered tablecloth, Bette places bright colored dishes and a big green glazed bowl full of beans, ginger bread, whipped cream, and apple-sauce.

BETTE DAVIS' GINGER BREAD

1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup molasses
1/4 cup melted shortening
1 egg
1 1/4 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger

Mix and add 1/2 cup boiling water. Bake in greased tin 30-45 minutes at 350 degrees F.



*He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !*

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE
PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like
ambitions serves a lady who thinks
he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!



Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breath-taking beauty and dramatic fire you merely glimpsed in "Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-made picture, the most glamorously exciting personality ever to grace the screen!

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!

WILLIAM
POWELL
and
ANNABELLA

*"The BARONESS
and the BUTLER"*

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play
by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

AT least a thousand times I have heard it told . . . that you have "to do the right things" . . . to succeed in Hollywood . . . these "right things" consist in having a big house with an attached swimming pool where you give gigantic parties . . . being seen almost nightly at the Trocadero . . . not being married but getting yourself insinuated about in the press with all manner of romantic implications . . . always being seen with the right crowd . . . and spending furiously . . .

I sat the other night in New York's Madison Square Garden and watched Sonja Henie skating before a crowd that had paid some \$16,000 for the privilege . . . and it was a privilege . . . of seeing her. . . .

The little Henie was a lyric sight . . . she revealed herself simultaneously as a showman and an artist . . . contrasted on one program "Babes in Toyland" (with herself as the doll most wanted under anybody's Christmas tree) and Liszt's "Liebestraum" which she did for the highbrows with magnificently underplayed simplicity . . . her cunning face . . . when her mesmeric whirls on the ice were finished . . . was wreathed always in a flirtatious smile . . . but while going through those spins and dives . . . those glidings and leaps so perfectly timed that they seemed casual . . . her face, if you watched it carefully, was tense and almost anguished . . . every moment she was giving her best . . . every gesture was thought out exactly and rehearsed into perfection . . . it was only when she was in repose that she chose to make it seem sheer fun. . . .

WE were all delirious with enthusiasm, as well we should have been . . . but after it was over I thought of Jack Dunn and the Hollywood legend. . . .

Maybe by this time you don't even remember Jack Dunn . . . but he came to Hollywood as Sonja Henie's skating partner . . . I never saw him on the ice so I don't know how good he was . . . but I'll wager



Something more than mere luck has opened Hollywood's gates to Toni Noviska

he was very good indeed . . . he had to be, first of all, to be Sonja's partner . . . and anyhow if men are athletes at all they are usually very keen ones . . . well, he came along with Sonja and just about the time she signed with Twentieth Century-Fox he signed with Universal. . . .

It could just as well have been the other way around, probably . . . neither Henie nor Dunn knew Hollywood . . . you can't be sure what the amount of those initial contracts were for either . . . but Henie got the break of being with Zanuck and Dunn had the tough luck to hit Universal when it was going through a period of violent reorganization. . . .

Sonja was put in a picture called "Thin Ice" and a star was born . . . Jack Dunn didn't get into anything . . . but he did do the "right things" . . . every one of them. . . .

That boy was always everywhere . . . he paid court to this beauty and that . . . his name was in all the papers . . . he was charming and debonair and people liked him and he spent money . . . for months . . . and months after that. . . .

So what happened . . . so nothing happened . . . he was good-looking and obviously talented . . . but the company that had him under contract was in a state of reorganization at that time . . . and now, even though he is under contract to Para-



mount, no one on the outside seems to know much about what he is doing, or where he keeps himself . . . in fact, I wonder if you remember his name at all. . . .

ANOTHER legend that gets in my hair is the belief that producers are always picking, right up off Hollywood Boulevard, some little toots who can act rings around the established stars . . . who only has to face a camera to make it quake with joy . . . I get about ten fiction stories a week written around that plot . . . and everybody knows that roughly nine hundred girls a year turn up in the movie village believing they have only to be seen to be worth five thousand dollars a week to any producer. . . .

Alongside here somewhere you will see a picture of Toni Noviska, who is what is known as a new discovery . . . Cinderella stuff again . . . an unknown girl about to be elevated to the heights . . . if she makes good, that is. . . .

This is how "Cinderella" she is . . . more than six months ago I sat in a projection room at the Selznick studios and saw a test that Miss Noviska had made in London . . . two tests, rather . . . one made two years ago, one about eight months ago . . . the time lapse was to show how far she had advanced in her study of English and diction. . . .

Of course, if she hadn't advanced they wouldn't have been showing that second test at all . . . but she had . . . and she plainly knew more about acting too . . . they told me at Selznick's that her entire life for the two years had been one long routine of study. . . .

Nor is that all . . . Miss Noviska has been dancing ever since she was seven . . . she has been a ballet headliner since she was ten . . . and she's still what's called a newcomer and she still has got to make good . . . it gives you a rough idea what the chances are for a girl who has merely dreamed into her mirror and lands in Hollywood with a heartful of hope and two dollars. . . .

GREGORY LA CAVA is not only one of the top-flight directors but he is also a good writer . . . and an extraordinary psychologist . . . and a very wise gent indeed . . . while all the furor was going on about young Andrea Leeds' performance in "Stage Door" Greg didn't say much . . . he admires the girl and admits her distinctive ability . . . but finally he spoke up because after all these years in Hollywood he is still a little amazed by how the profession that should know every trick still can be taken in by the qualities of a magnificently constructed scene . . . fooled into attributing the moving quality of the scene to the acting rather than the writing in it. . . .

Greg said ". . . that girl is a great natural actress as long as you do one thing for her . . . put her in scenes so highly dramatic that her own repression seems like a form of underacting. . . ."

I recalled this as I watched Miss Leeds playing a perfectly straight rôle in "The Goldwyn Follies" . . . she was charming but she wasn't that girl in "Stage Door" . . . which only goes to prove how desperately a newcomer at acting is dependent upon the right script and the right director. . . .

Actors need this type of help, too . . . Robert Taylor after that devastating "pretty boy" publicity has been put in "A Yank at Oxford" . . . in which he is so athletic as practically to slay you . . . the picture, an important one since it marks the first real merger of American and British production interests, is swell entertainment . . . it is far and away the best photographed and the best lighted of any picture we have seen come out of England in months . . . and I also want to go on record as being distinctly pro-Taylor

. . . I liked the "Yank" very much indeed and I think you will find it a pleasanter than average evening's fun . . . still and for all that somebody should have whispered to Metro that Bob just isn't the type that burns up the track meets . . . the Taylor chest is displayed in great detail with much dark hair in full evidence and it is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Taylor breasts the tape throughout . . . but judging by his running form it seems small wonder that the Oxfordians in the film were no end puzzled by his winning . . . it is going to seem pretty miraculous to you, too . . . unless Metro is trying to convey the idea that Bob is a centaur . . . I do hope that soon Bob is permitted to be that young, unspoiled, slightly bewildered lad he is in real life. . . .

SPEAKING of "The Goldwyn Follies" . . . I want to thank the hundreds of you who have written in to agree with me in my feeling that there is too much icing on the cake of big pictures these days . . . I believe I have replied to everyone of you personally but in case I missed any of you here are public thanks . . . the "Follies" are over-iced, too . . . the Water Ballet is beautiful . . . the Ritz Brothers are funny . . . Charlie McCarthy is riotous . . . but there's simply too much of everything . . . too much ballet . . . too many fine actors . . . too much opera. . . .

My own hunch is that part of the reason "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is turning out to be one of the most successful pictures ever made is due to its simplicity . . . purity is the word for Mr. Disney and his artists . . . you remember . . . blessed are the pure in heart . . . only the pure in heart could have created this masterpiece . . . to my mind "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is the greatest picture ever made. . . .

Our Monthly "Gone With The Wind" Department . . . whispers now have it that the most likely Scarlett O'Hara is that new 20th Century-Fox discovery, Arleen Whelan (see her picture on page 41) . . . Selznick wants her, but so far Zanuck won't give . . . judging by her photograph exclusively, I'd say she is much more Scarlett than Paulette Goddard, next most rumored candidate for the rôle. . . .



Robert Taylor, in his latest rôle of "A Yank at Oxford," is an example of the editor's theory that all actors, even the best, require a very special kind of help along the way to fame

"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now . . .
YOU BET . . ."Claudette



Adolph Zukor presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT • GARY COOPER "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • DAVID NIVEN • ELIZABETH PATTERSON • HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir. English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH**

A Paramount Picture



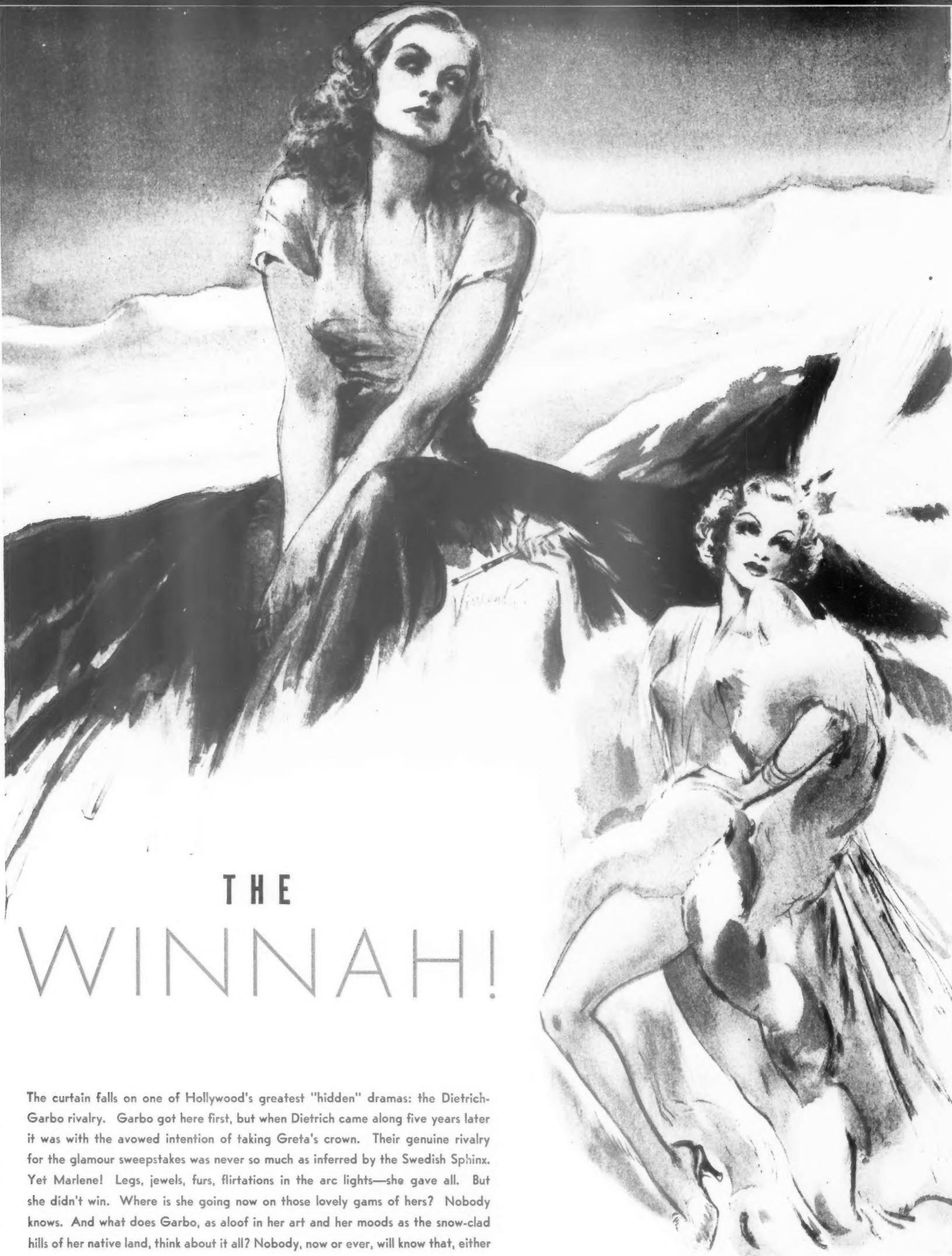
**"I ASKED THE ADVICE
OF A STYLIST**

... and bought Federal Fox

"You see I wanted a fur for spring that would be *more* than smart. I wanted it to make me pretty, as well as fashionable; and I'll admit I wanted it to have masculine appeal, too! 'Get FEDERAL Fox,' I was told . . . and I find it everything I wanted."

FEDERAL Foxes . . . richly silvered . . . large and luxuriously furred . . . combine those two important must-haves—chic and becomingness . . . and, on the practical side, they offer *lasting* loveliness. Featured by better stores everywhere, they are easily recognized by the FEDERAL name, clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.

FEDERAL
Silver Foxes
HAMBURG, WISCONSIN



THE WINNAH!

The curtain falls on one of Hollywood's greatest "hidden" dramas: the Dietrich-Garbo rivalry. Garbo got here first, but when Dietrich came along five years later it was with the avowed intention of taking Greta's crown. Their genuine rivalry for the glamour sweepstakes was never so much as inferred by the Swedish Sphinx. Yet Marlene! Legs, jewels, furs, flirtations in the arc lights—she gave all. But she didn't win. Where is she going now on those lovely gams of hers? Nobody knows. And what does Garbo, as aloof in her art and her moods as the snow-clad hills of her native land, think about it all? Nobody, now or ever, will know that, either

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

GARY THE GREAT



No other word quite describes the King of Hollywood; no other story has revealed as this one the romantic truth about him

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WHEN I first knew Gary Cooper, more than ten years ago, he was a weather-beaten young cowpuncher entirely surrounded by silence. Without a penny in his pocket. And, I think, the worst actor the world has ever known.

Today he is the most poised and successful young man of my acquaintance, a motion-picture star with a beautiful home, a wife who besides being beautiful has her name in the Social Register, a baby daughter and a comfortable fortune. He is also a very fine actor.

In spite of those incredible changes and the ten-year gap, he is still the same Gary Cooper.

When you come right down to it, ten years isn't very long to bring about such wonders.

There may be more fascinating pastimes than to watch the unfolding process of a personality like Gary Cooper, but I haven't yet discovered them. In Hollywood, I've watched ten-year periods sweep over a good many people with some amazing results, good and bad. None of them has given me the chuckle of sheer satisfaction that the career of Gary Cooper has.

For Gary walked his silent way alone, amid many pitfalls, and came out completely his own man in the end.

There was, too, a tendency in the beginning to misunderstand Gary's silence, his contemplative philosophy of life and his slightly ironical sense of humor. People thought maybe he was a little stupid and wouldn't go far or last long. They underestimated the tall, silent lad from the wide open spaces. The confusion confounding the wise guys when they collide with Mr. Cooper's few but well-chosen words is part of the chuckle I always get out of him.

IN bygone days at Paramount, there were three very young men fighting their way to screen success. We called them the three musketeers—Buddy Rogers, Dick Arlen and Gary Cooper. The odds were longest on Cooper. It was pretty generally supposed that he was the silent partner when it came to clashes with authorities or demands for bigger and better things. I learned differently. Gary was the brains of the outfit. The three never made a move, together or separately, until Gary's final decision was in.

I remember one day looking out the window to behold Rogers and Arlen and Cooper with their heads together, standing by the fountain in the middle of the studio garden. Rogers and Arlen were talking a mile a minute while Gary, as usual, was listening. When he spoke at last, I noticed that he didn't say more than ten words. Rogers and Arlen listened—stared at him—thought a moment—nodded—and the three

In the poised and successful young man of today are certain qualities which also belonged to a shy awkward cowpuncher of ten years ago



of them marched across the garden and into the head man's office.

No star in films has been smarter about handling himself than Gary, and the pyramids are feathers blown by the wind compared to Mr. Cooper when he makes up his mind. Tall, shy and twinkling, he says little, but, when the smoke and the shouting die away, there he is, in exactly the same spot, still shy and still twinkling but immovable.

Nobody railroads him into too many pictures, or bad stories or parts that aren't suited to him.

You know, there is a good deal of *Mr. Deeds* in Gary Cooper, himself. When the news first came through that Gary was going to play *Mr. Deeds*, I ran into Bud Kelland—professionally known as Clarence Budington Kelland and the distinguished author of "*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*"—at a dinner party in our Long Island neighborhood. Mr. Kelland, after one brief and triumphant encounter with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, has remained somewhat aloof from motion pictures, so I wasn't surprised when he inquired, "What about this Gary Cooper, anyhow?" I knew what he meant because I knew *Mr. Deeds* was rather a favorite character of Mr. Kelland's and I said, "Don't worry. You see, Gary is *Mr. Deeds*."

I suppose what I really meant by that was that, given a similar set of circumstances, Gary Cooper would do and say and refuse to say exactly the same things *Mr. Deeds* did. *Mr. Deed's* silence in that courtroom would have been Gary's own method of meeting injustice. In the end, he would have fought with the same humor and philosophy and viewpoint.

In his single days three feminine bundles of dynamite—Clara Bow (far right), Lupe Velez (right), Dorothy di Frasso (top)—made dents on his personality, but not on his heart

There is a tradition in my family that no matter what anybody asks me about men stars on the screen my answer will always be Gary Cooper. If there is a debate about the family dinner table as to who is the best actor, the best-looking man, the most attractive personality, my sons and daughter say, "Oh, don't bother to ask Mom. She always says Gary Cooper."

That is carrying it a bit far, but I readily admit that no other screen star affords me the sure satisfaction and affectionate amusement that Mr. Cooper inspires.

I am not able to get any extra heartbeats out of Robert Taylor's type of male beauty because he always looks to me as though he ought to be behind a counter in a white coat saying, "What'll it be?" Tyrone Power gives the impression that he admires himself so happily that any admiration from me would be superfluous, but Gary Cooper looks the way I think a man should look. And whether he is playing the picturesque *Marco Polo*, the humorous and tragic *Mr. Deeds*, the lover of "*Farewell to Arms*" or the dashing *Bengal Lancer*, he is always real and heart-warming.

I have never seen him give a bad performance and since I witnessed some of the throes of agony which it took to make Mr. Gary Cooper an actor—I wrote his first serious screen rôle—I appreciate what it means better than anyone can who didn't live through that harrowing experience.

MR. COOPER'S private life has also been eminently satisfactory; in this again, his silence has paid heavy dividends. That boy has been in spots where any word would have been the wrong word and one word would have been one too many. Sometimes I think he's the only person I've ever known who doesn't talk too much, including me.

Having survived some of the most high-powered and dangerous romances any young man ever met face to face, he, in time, selected

(Continued on page 72)



WHO'S
Really
WHO
IN HOLLYWOOD
SOCIETY

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Here's your one real chance to check up on the authentic social rating of your own particular star favorites.

SOCIETY all over the world has suddenly become cognizant of the fact that there is such a thing as society in cinemaland. Rude though the awakening may have been, it was brought about, more than anything else, by the arrest of John Montague, Hollywood's mystery golf champion who was acquitted fairly recently of taking part in a seven-year-old stick-up in an eastern state.

Overnight, social sets began asking themselves just how come that "anyone" was "taken up" in Hollywood.

up in Hollywood.
And yet, except for the social sets south of the imaginary Mason and Dixon line, where

few bow to money (probably because few have it), society almost everywhere is chosen exactly as it is in southern California's charm spot.

as it is in southern California's charm spot. Maybe cash is more of a dictator in Hollywood than it is in New York; if so, it's because it's old-fashioned to be a king, in 1938, in movie-land. Yet, ridiculous as some people feel it is to talk of such a thing as society in pictures, sets exist nevertheless, and there are many people who take them seriously.

Certainly there is more wealth per square foot in the Hollywood social area than in any other city in the nation, with the possible exception of Grosse Point, Michigan; Palm Beach,



SOCIAL SET NO. 1—THE "EXHIBITIONISTS"



SOCIAL SET NO. 2—THE STAY-AT-HOMES



SOCIAL SET NO. 3—THE INTELLECTUALS

Led by Charlie Chaplin (right), this set may be the most select in America. Einstein (left). The list of who they are, and who they aren't, would make you wonder at their names: James M. Cain, Frederic March, François Marais, Mr. G. W. Williams, and

Florida; or Newport, Rhode Island. Last year's studio pay roll was in excess of \$110,000,000.

TWO decades or so ago it was a well-known fact that there was only one clique that mattered in the city of tinsel and kliegs; and everyone who was anyone belonged to that group. Known as the Pickfair set, it was led by Doug and Mary, and given an intellectual strain by Charlie Chaplin. It was the set that entertained the Albert Einsteins, and refused to mix with the "common" stars, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the latter might make per picture. But the years have made a difference, a vast difference in the modus operandi of Hollywood's social merry-go-round.

Today Charlie Chaplin still gives the most exclusive, and the smallest parties for the really big shots of science, literature and the arts. Six or eight is the limit of his guests and they are all hand-picked—H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, John Masefield, Emil Ludwig, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Frank Shields. His is a real salon, but small, without ostentation and show-off. He never offers formal entertainment, never shows movies, seldom goes out.

The Edward G. Robinsons are his closest rivals. The Robinsons also entertain many famous people. Robinson himself is cultured, the possessor of a great musical library and a fine collection of modern French masters. He reads and speaks many languages and is far and away the best representative of the cultural entertainer of cinemaland.

Mrs. Harry Lachman, Director Lachman's wife, is generally regarded as one of movieland's most brilliant hostesses. She is Chinese and very beautiful. She lived on the Continent many years. Every "lion" who comes to Hollywood she entertains in some new and amazingly interesting fashion. Her dinners are Chinese and American, the guests usually number nearly two hundred, and once they come they usually stay until dawn. She is one of the few Hollywood hostesses who is fully equipped with her own service—plates, silver and napery—to accommodate all her guests.

If you question the motion-picture colony
(Continued on page 82)



SOCIAL SET NO. 4—THE SPORTS LOVERS

This outfit is a hit. For a social meeting would make a splash on any crowded street. Mrs. Fred Perry, the Gary Cooper and Frank Shields of the West Side.



THE BEST-DRESSED SET



Primary step: endless conferences and patient experiments on the part of Disney and his staff



First, only drawings—then, a marvelous new invention gave life to the heroine and villainess



*Explaining a mechanical miracle
more fascinating in its unfolding
than the fairy tale it gave us*



In adding sound to the film, a unique but short career was the lot of a varied group of people



THE AMAZING INSIDE STORY OF HOW THEY MADE "SNOW WHITE"

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago in Kansas City, Missouri, a small boy sat enchanted in a theater and watched a fantastic little play. When he left, his head whirled with the magic and romance of what he thought was surely the most wonderful story in the world.

That is how "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" really began. Because that was the name of the fantastic little play the boy saw. And the name of the boy was Walt Disney.

For a score and more years, far back in his brain those same visions whirled and survived. The impression never vanished, though the boy grew up. And as he grew to be one of the greatest artists in the world, the insistent memories of childhood rapture demanded to be translated into his particular art. They grew into a dream.

Three and a half years ago, Walt Disney started to make his dream come true. In those

three and a half years he spent \$1,500,000 to bring "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" to the screen in exquisite color symphony. He employed 569 people who worked all day and frequently all night to finish it. He spent \$70,000 developing a brand new camera to give it depth. He concocted 1500 different paints to give it unmatched color, and used enough to paint twenty-two five-room bungalows. He threw away four times the drawings he made and the film he shot. He made over 2,000,000 separate paintings that, placed end to end, would reach from New York to Pittsburgh. He used pencils that, stacked point to point, would tower above Mount Everest.

He tested hundreds of people for faceless voices on the screen. He maintained a studio menagerie so that he might study animals within reach of pencil and paper. He spent months searching for new sound effects. He developed brand new techniques in music, drawing, animation and color photography.

And all this work, this experimentation, for one hour and twenty minutes on the screen.

The story of the making of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" can be told now. The film is finished, and it is delighting the world. It has pried open an impressive crack in the door that leads to the screen's ultimate promise. It was worth the time, the work, the worry, the courage, the tedious experimentation, the money. And the risk.

For at first Walt Disney received scant encouragement from his seasoned helpers when he casually introduced the idea of making "Snow White." It was a new departure for animated cartoons. It had human beings that had to be convincing. It was feature-length, and two reels was the limit for screen animations. It had death in it. It had horrifying scenes that might frighten children. Its expense was appalling. If it flopped, Disney's career might well be wrecked.

But in the wonderful way Walt Disney has of transmitting enthusiasm to his co-workers he "sold" the idea around his own studio. That was all that was necessary. When Disney's

(Continued on page 68)

WHY SONJA HENIE



*Many men have courted her; yet her
answer has always been, "I won't
marry . . . even if I fall in love." Why?*

WON'T MARRY

BY DOUGLAS PORTMANN

FOR the first time in three years Shirley Temple has a dangerous box-office rival.

Strangely enough, the star who menaces the First Child's number one position on the big ten list is a girl labeled affectionately by those who know her as "Shirley Temple Grown Up."

Sonja Henie, a few weeks ago, curvettet onto the ice rink of New York's Madison Square Garden to such capacity crowds the management had to offer matinees; in the same week her newest picture, "Happy Landing," made \$59,000 for a theater in the same town.

But, significantly, in one thing Sonja Henie differed from other actresses who have, recently or in past years, taken America by unwilling ears and pulled it en masse to the ticket office.

Sonja was not in love. Newspaper columns could carry no coy suggestion of her intimate life and headline it romance. No boxes of orchids, tagged with a man's name, filled her dressing room. She was not engaged, nor rumored engaged. In a word, she was hard copy.

Only a few months ago, it had been different. Then you could not speak alone with Sonja for five minutes but that Tyrone Power must open the door and come in and leave you feeling superfluous for the rest of the interview. Then the little blonde skater could not go on an exhibition tour of any length without talking daily to Tyrone via long distance. Sometimes he even followed her.

Openly he wanted marriage. When, last autumn, their exciting entente became less exciting to them and they stopped seeing each other, he promptly discovered Janet Gaynor and fell in love all over again. There was hardly time to draw a long breath in between.

Whereupon Hollywood sat back and waited impatiently to see what Sonja would do. When she did nothing, when she simply went on making outrageously successful pictures, and more money, and skating tours that drew unprecedented crowds, and more money, and ballet exhibitions that knocked blasé thousands into the aisles, and more money—without bothering to fall in love again—the public at last was constrained to draw gloomy conclusion. There was no other choice.

Tyrone must have brought their romance to a close before Sonja was ready. Sonja must still be carrying a flaming torch for the slim dark boy with the irresistible eyes. She must be burying her unhappiness in work . . .

But last summer, while the Power-Henie twosome was still the most secure romance in town, Sonja told me point blank that she couldn't consider losing her head over anyone for a long time because she had set aside five years for devoted application to her work. And a few weeks ago, on the set, she said to me:

"Even if I fall in love, I won't marry anyone for two years. I'm not interested in marriage. I'm interested in skating. At the end of that time I'll still be young enough so that I won't have to worry. I'll still be young enough for romance. And I'll have my career established."

IT was cold on that set. The entire floor was ice and, between takes, some half hundred extras, dressed in summer evening clothes, hurriedly put on furs and went stamping about,

blowing frost and rubbing their hands to keep warm. Cesar Romero, in white tie and tails and an overcoat, stood grumbling over the blister he had worn on his thumb by the repeated use of a band leader's baton.

Only Sonja, in silk tights and the briefest possible costume, looked comfortable. She glowed with health. She radiated personal warmth.

I put my blue nose out between the lapels of my coat, forced my teeth to stop chattering, and said, "I saw you at the Troc last night with Cesar."

"Mm," Sonja agreed. "Did you see my new dress? Did you like the sleeves made out of ermine tails?"

"With Cesar," I repeated pointedly.

"Yes. He is a nice dancer—" Then she turned those shrewd, ice-blue eyes on me and grinned. "Don't be silly. That's no romance. I haven't the time. I never have had, really."

I nodded, remembering.

NEVER, in all her twenty-four unbelievable years, has there been any choice for Sonja between love and career. Not since that first day, when, precocious even at eleven, she stood on the frozen fjord at Oslo and heard the multitude applaud her, has she hesitated when a romantic interest has threatened to interfere with her vocation as a skater.

There is no implication that she has turned her head from love always. So vital a personality, so warm a human needs must have a share of romance or find her life only partly

fulfilled. And Sonja cannot do things by half measures.

But when the men who have courted her—and they have been many—have ventured the suggestion of marriage, then the goal of great success she early set herself has loomed brighter; and its brightness has always outshone the glowing lure of home and family and attentive husband.

This has been because Sonja Henie, intrinsically, was born one of the great woman of her generation. In Hollywood that would sound like a press department build-up but I say it sincerely. She is, after all, the world's greatest skater: she is a fine actress; she is a superb business woman; she is among the five shrewdest

(Continued on page 84)



ADVENTURES OF

The tear-compelling story of a Poor

Little City Boy who, by movie magic,

was made into a country Tom Sawyer

BY IDA ZEITLIN

HERE was a knock at the classroom door. Tom Kelly, door monitor, jumped up to answer it. At this point the curly-headed lad didn't have the slightest inkling that he was shortly to become the hero of the most heartwarming of all Hollywood's amazing stories. The usual door-opening procedure was for Tommy to stand there, like a kind of honor guard, until the visitors were ready to leave. Then he'd close the door after them and go back to his seat. It made a nice little break in the day's routine.

On this fateful day the visitors were two men, accompanied by the assistant pastor of St. Raymond's School in the Bronx, New York. One of the men eyed Tommy with interest, whispering something to his companion. The other turned round to look. Tommy, friendly by nature, smiled at them—a smile that started in his deepset blue eyes and spread gently over his small freckled face. It was a smile that both warmed and caught at the heart.

He had never been consciously wistful. His greatest cross lay in his being too small to play anything but substitute outfielder on the baseball team. At twelve he was old enough to realize that money wasn't plentiful at home. In fact, he and his parents and his three older brothers and his little sister June never omitted from their prayers a special plea that his father, working for the W.P.A., might find a better job. But his parents stood between him and any hurtful awareness of economic strain. He had to run errands and help his mother with the dishes. So did most of the other kids. He had enough to eat, a roof to shelter him, an atmosphere of faith and affection to go home to, and he had the hope of growing taller. His horizon was serene.

Yet there was a quality of spirit in his smile that had arrested the visitors' attention. Merry eyes in a sensitive face. A dreamy forehead under rumpled brown curls.

They spoke to the teacher, and the teacher bade Tom sit down. They inspected the other boys, but their glances kept going back to him. Presently the assistant pastor called him. "These gentlemen want to know some things about you, Tom. How tall are you, how old are you, and how much do you weigh?"

"I don't know any of them except my age. But I can run down and ask the nurse."

"Do that, and then come to the priests' house. We'll meet you there."

Arriving panting at the priests' house with the desired information, Tom was given a chance to recover his breath, then handed a large tome, open at a certain page. "Read that aloud, please."

Tom scanned the page, cocked his head like a contemplative sparrow, opened his mouth, closed it and looked up. "It's too big for me,



Freckles, plus a grin, plus a touch of genius—those were the requirements of cinematic Tom Sawyer. Thousands of boys were tested; it took young Tommy of New York to cinch the deal with David Selznick

sir. I'll have to read it by syllables."

"Read it any way you like," smiled one of the strangers.

Intent on his task, Tommy didn't catch the glance exchanged between the visitors, nor the signal one of them gave the priest. "That's enough, son. Come here."

The priest put an arm around Tommy. "These gentlemen are from the Selznick International Company that makes moving pictures. They've been hunting nine months for a boy to play *Tom Sawyer*. They'd like to try you out. It may not come to anything, you know. They've tried out hundreds of boys without finding the right one. But I want you to ask your father to come and see me tonight. Will you do that?"

"Yes, Father," said Tom. Then he smiled shyly at the scouts. "Thanks just the same."

THE movies meant less to the Kellys than they do to the average American family. They had neither the money nor the hankering to attend them. In all her married life, Tom's mother had seen but three pictures.

Tom's father is a hardheaded Irishman. Believing firmly in the miracles of God, he has a less profound faith in the promises of men. No one was unduly elated when Tom brought his news home. As a matter of courtesy, Michael Kelly went to see the priest, who convinced him that these men were not itinerant photog-

raphers, trying to bamboozle the family into paying five dollars for a picture of their young hopeful. "They're legitimate representatives of a fine company, Michael. I think you'd better see them."

An appointment was made. Tom was taken to the New York offices of David O. Selznick. He read a scene from the script, he was coached for a week, then given a test. "You'll hear from us," his father was told.

"And that's the last we'll hear from them," Michael Kelly assured his wife that night.

"Maybe so," said Nora.

"They've tested hundreds and talked to twenty-five thousand. Tommy's got nothing one o' those lads hasn't got."

"They'll have to be taking one o' them," said Nora. "Whoever it is, that's who it was meant to be."

WEEKS passed without word. Whatever slight ruffle the experience had caused on the surface of the Kellys' lives died away. They didn't jump when the phone rang. There wasn't any phone to ring. They didn't wait feverishly for the postman's arrival each morning. It wasn't meant to be Tommy, and that was that.

With the fatalism of childhood, the boy took his cue from his parents. He was unaware of the potentialities that had grazed and apparently passed him by. The movies as such had (Continued on page 88)



You think she's the prize dimwit of all time—but you're wrong. Gracie Allen doesn't even exist. She's two other people

BY SARA HAMILTON

TO my notion, the greatest piece of hanky-panky of this modern age is the great American hoax entitled George Burns and Gracie Allen. Along with the historical war horse of *Troy* and its conniving Greek entrails, the Burns and Allen episode should go down in history as direct proof that all of the people insist on being fooled all of the time.

And do George and Gracie fool 'em!

Through constant repetition and persistent effort on George and Gracie's part, the public is pretty thoroughly convinced, by now, that Gracie is the prize dimwit of all time. Not only on, but off screen, off radio, off stage, off anything; a zaney whose every remark, no matter how profound, is the immediate signal for complete hysteria and a general going-to pieces all the way round.

But that misrepresentation of fact isn't enough, it seems. The two must add to the confusion by switching their rôles in real life. For the most amazing twist to this bit of Burns and Allen chicanery is the fact that in real life George Burns is really Gracie Allen. Without the little blue hat. And Gracie is George Burns. Without the purple suspenders.

George, once away from the public's eye and ear, becomes almost as funny as Gracie pre-

tends to be. Jack Benny and Mrs. Benny once remarked that with no exception George Burns is the funniest white man on the face of the globe. That his side remarks and killing quips far surpass anything Gracie ever says before a mike.

On the other hand, Gracie Allen Burns has never been heard to crack so much as half a joke in a score of years. She knows no quips, no flippancies, no wisecracks. No such trademarks as "Well, anyhoo" or that short, clipped "Thank u" or "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls" ever once passes her lips. Away from radio or screen.

GRACIE ALLEN is just two other people to Mrs. Burns. And one of them is certainly her husband.

The lifework of George Burns, a keen, matter-of-fact businessman, is the creating of that optical and auditory illusion known the world over as "Gracie Allen." While some men are concerned with the building of bridges, some with construction of roads or buildings, George Burns is interested solely in building a slightly off-center scatterbrain who speaks through the mouth of the reserved, intelligent and charming woman—his wife, Gracie Allen Burns.

How he creates this amazing apparition, whose nearest rival is a hemlock individual named Charlie McCarthy, is, I think, immensely interesting.

In Burns' employ are three assistants, all specialists and capable technicians in the building of a looney phony. On Tuesday of each week, George and his assistants gather in a fifth-floor room of a Vine Street hotel to talk over the business of next week's Gracie. Or the next film's Gracie, as the case may be.

George, his brother Bill and gagsmen John Medbury and Harvey Helm, all good men and true, settle down to the problem at hand, that of making Mrs. Burns crazy.

"Well," says George, "what shall next week's Gracie talk about?" And the ball is mentally tossed from George to Bill and Bill to John, gathering polish as it goes.

Since George is the author and parent of Gracie (having conceived her back in old vaudeville days) he knows, more than any living human, just what she would do or say under certain given circumstances and just how her unreasoning powers work. All of which makes the problem a less complicated one. Only trying to top each week's Gracie is problem enough, heavens knows—and one that George and his gang can have.

If you were to ask George Burns how he knows just what Gracie would say or do under (Continued on page 90)

THE SEAMY SIDE



DRAWINGS BY FRANK GODWIN

Our Young Man About Hollywood

**rips open Glamour Town to picture
a Hollywood never seen before**

BY ERROL FLYNN

WHY is it that the only things one ever reads about this town are the prop stories—the stories of glitter and glamour and money and fine gestures and beautiful people?

I've been here two years and some months now and I'm frank to admit that for a long time I was bemused into thinking the same thing. One never sees headless bodies lying in

the streets nor does one smell the stench of disease or abject poverty. Of course, there are poor people here as well as everywhere else, but not in the same sense; they don't eat offal as they do in China, nor live in actual sewers. After a while, thanks to the Chambers of Commerce and the Best Feet Forward Boys, one begins to believe that Hollywood is as much of an ideal spot as the illusions created here.

Did you ever get bored with perfection? Did you ever go to a party as a child and see a lovely, prissy little girl who was so darned perfect you yearned to smack her in the face and smear mud on her frock? If you've never felt that primeval surge within you, please don't read any more of this . . . because, after two years of scintillating perfection, I got bored stiff, one evening recently, and decided to go backstage and see if the town of Hollywood, itself, wasn't just a huge stage setting, behind the perfection of which might lurk the denizens of darkness.

I HAD two companions during the evening. One, Captain Steed, then in charge of the Homicide Squad of the Los Angeles Police Department, I'll never forget. With the looks and attitude of living of a Y.M.C.A. boys' counselor, smooth, gentle and calm, he holds a job that is one of the most dangerous in the city. He has the well-earned reputation of being able to break down the most confirmed killers.

My other companion was a gentleman named Pat. Pat drives an ambulance and spends eight hours a day in a welter of gore. In his spare time he paints lovely water-color landscapes.

The laugh of the evening was when narrow-minded (or perhaps just sleepy) neighbors didn't approve of this actor's impersonation of a faun



The three of us had dinner in what passes for Chinatown in Los Angeles. Why they call it Chinatown is a mystery. The young Chinese there speak far better English than most assistant directors and at least two millionaire producers I've met; and, as a general rule, the food they serve, if presented piping hot to a mandarin in Shanghai, would be considered an excellent example of the American table d'hôte.

Just as we had reached the coffee and cigarette stage, a telephone call came through. A Chinese had been stabbed at a near-by address; no details.

We threw a bill on the table and ran for the car. The driver got the call over the radio so the motor was on and we were under way before the door slammed.

Black little alleys flashed by with frightened, disembodied faces peering out. Brilliant neon signs flashed ads of Chinese-American whoopee, mostly enjoyed by Filipinos.

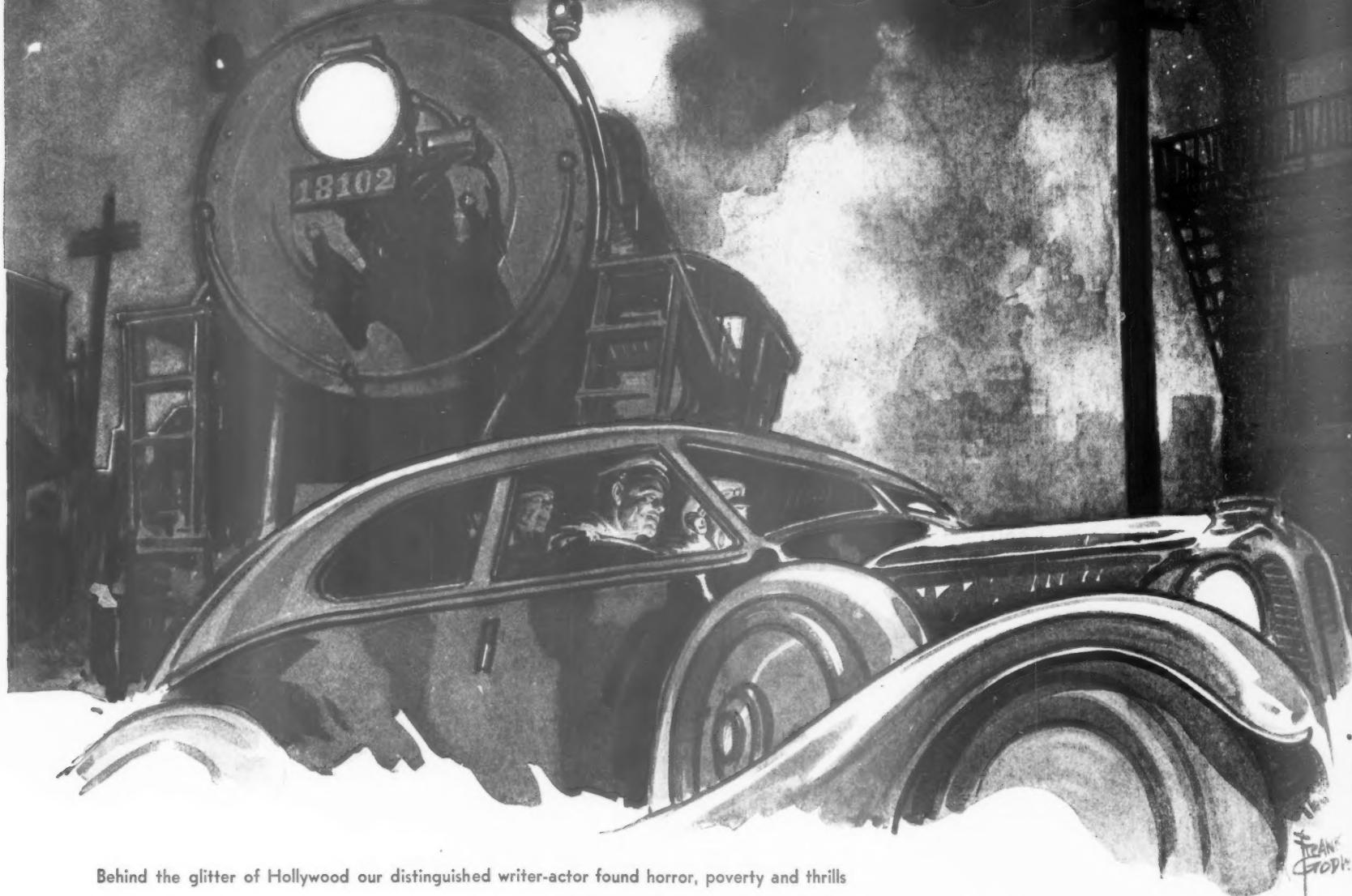
We rounded a corner on screaming tires and saw a freight train bearing down on us with loud clanging and whistling. Now a Chevrolet is a substantial car, but I doubt if its most avid booster would advise you to tangle one with a freight train. After all, bulk is still bulk.

I'm not just clear as to what happened next, but we squeezed by in a fine flurry of sirens and locomotive blasts. I looked at my companions. They were smoking calmly and discussing the forthcoming World Series.

A moment later and we pulled up in front of a narrow doorway before which milled a crowd of Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and negroes, to say nothing of a few miscellaneous types, all trying to maul and shriek past a harried patrolman.

Upstairs lay a twisted little body. A Eurasian, he seemed to be; too nattily dressed; room heavy with scent, crowded with stills from dozens of films. Everything was quite neat and orderly, but his head wasn't where it belonged.

OF HOLLYWOOD



Behind the glitter of Hollywood our distinguished writer-actor found horror, poverty and thrills

It was about three feet away from the rest of him, looking quite surprised.

A fat lady who'd forced her way up with us, looked, gagged, fainted dead away. Somebody moved her out into the hall so the ambulance men could get in, but there wasn't anything they could do just then. Mr. Kong was quite defunct.

He had been some sort of a local picture agent who had had the bad taste to collect for jobs in advance. When the jobs failed to materialize, one of his clients had become annoyed and called on him with a snickersnee.

On the way back to headquarters, I learned that that is one of the favorite local rackets.

Not calling on agents with snickersnees, but being a phony agent. The whole town is rid-dled with them, despite the sincere efforts of the Hays Office and the Better Business Bureau. Obviously a cheap form of chiseling, you'd be surprised at how much of a toll the racket extracts annually from gullible would-be actors and actresses.

BUT the seamy side of life in Hollywood is not limited to agents, though that is quite a field in itself. As a matter of fact, the incident I've just described was merely a prelude to the evening's real events.

From downtown Los Angeles we wandered out toward the mountains of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, just jogging along, listening to radio calls and waiting for something to happen in a district near us.

I came to the conclusion right then that a policeman's life is one long series of prowlers

and drunks—and most of them imaginary. As far as the prowlers are concerned, the story of the old maid and the burglar is as good an illustration as any. A lot of these nervous ladies apparently just want someone to talk to because the prowlers usually evaporate without leaving a single corporeal sign.

The men were telling me the inside story of one of the most amusing of Hollywood's extortion cases. A certain prominent producer—forgive me for not mentioning names, but some day I may have to work for him—received, with his soft-boiled eggs of a morning, a pointed note from an amateur extortionist and crank. He was demanding ten thousand dollars on pain of kidnaping the producer's wife, but was obviously a novice in that he signed his name and address to the note. The producer was no whit ruffled. Instead, he called in his secretary and dictated a polite reply to the effect that he didn't have the ten thousand, but was very much interested in the extortionist's proposition. That ended that.

ITHE radio suddenly shrilled into action. A disturbance in a swank apartment house near one of the major studios. Investigate. That was all . . .

The lurch of the car nearly snapped my head off. Behind red lights and sirens we wailed down the Boulevard, through stop signals and past frightened pedestrians.

The manager of the apartments met us on the sidewalk, literally wringing his hands and bleating, "No publicity, gentlemen, please! No publicity!"

To which the Sergeant replied, brushing him aside, "What do you think we are—advance agents for a circus?"

The negro elevator operator was much more helpful. "The lady in 4-B, she done it ag'in, gempmun, on'y this time she sho got the miseries for true!"

The lady in 4-B was a pathetic sight. She was, we learned later, nineteen, the daughter of a substantial Midwestern family, who had married against her family's wishes. When her shiftless husband disappeared, she had too much pride to go back home, tried to crack into pictures with more looks than ability. When we got to her flat, she was lying across her bed, practically nude, and retching horribly. Attempted poisoning went on the books while Pat, the ambulance man, was using the Lafarge on her, pumping from her tortured stomach the patent antiseptic she had used.

On the dresser was a polite little note from Central Casting informing her that it was impossible to register any more extra talent and that, since there were fifteen thousand already enrolled ahead of her, she would have to wait her turn.

The pathos of such cases is not so great here as elsewhere. It is not that Hollywood is hard-hearted, but, after all, I suppose there is a lot more of suicide in Movietown than in the average community.

Unlike most cities, according to police records, women suicides predominate in Hollywood. Blasted careers and unscrupulous men who use a girl's ambition for their own ends

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HAPPY THE DARING LIFE STORY OF DON AMECHE



BY HOWARD SHARPE

THE story of Don Ameche is more than merely a history of twenty-nine years in a man's life. He is, personified, a generation—a period.

Born Dominic Felix Ameche the very beginning of 1908's summer in Kenosha, Wisconsin, a first son, he soon turned into the Ameche's problem child and was shipped off, for safe-keeping, to St. Berchman's in Marion, Iowa.

From there, at high school age, he entered Columbia Private High School and College at Dubuque where two things of importance happened to him—he was introduced, by Father Sheehy, to Honore Pandergast, and—in all good faith—he decided on a career. He would become a lawyer.

Marquette University saw him next. There, he acquitted himself brilliantly—but not in book lore. The spin of fun was still far more important than work to the young blade Don. He came to his senses, he tells us, when his mother approached death through an accident. Back home for the summer, chastened of spirit, Don promised himself (and sincerely meant it) that he would do better. . . .

Now continue his story:

THE speedometer needle wavered at sixty-eight and stopped there. Don Ameche heard the motor fighting; he put his arm out and let the wind fling it back, felt the vibration beneath him that meant going fast.

"This all the soup she's got?" he shouted. Mark Tobin swerved the roadster into a side road and pulled it up screeching in gravel, under a group of sycamores. The August after-

Don went to Washington to school because he thought he could "get some work done." What happened there gave him, first, happiness; then, an intense hatred of college and all that it represented

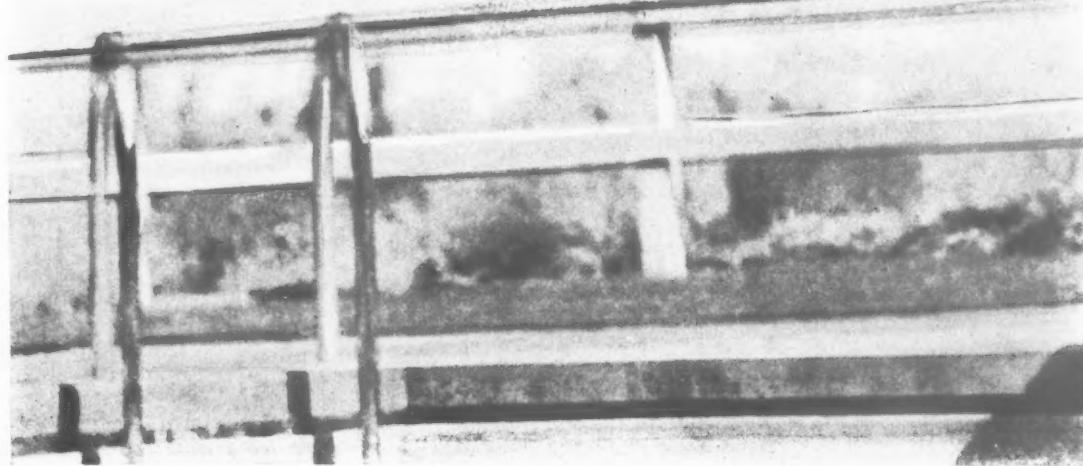
HELLION



It's a grave exposé of today's youth—this

story of the years when, without counting re-

sults, Don took life and love where he found it



noon was nearly gone but heat lay in the fields and brightened the dust in the roads. Inside the little cottage the room was still and cool, with the blinds pulled; the boys sat down at a little table and waited for the man in the white apron to come over.

"Two Scotch," Mark said.

Don looked up. "Beer. I'm on the wagon."

"Again?" Mark laughed. "Bring two anyway. I'll drink the other one if he doesn't." Later he said to Don, "You made your plans for the winter yet?"

"I think I'll go to Georgetown and get serious about law," Don told him. "In Washington maybe I can get some work done."

"In D. C.?" Mark said. "They make good juleps down there. But I never heard of anyone overworking . . . Oh, well. This's to Georgetown. Come on. Irrigate with something worthy of our national capital."

Don eyed the glass of Scotch. "Just one," he said finally.

At midnight they got into the roadster and started back. Don, slumped on his spine, saw vaguely that the blurred sky was still light, felt the air cooler on his face. "Mmm," he said happily. The speedometer needle was around to the right but he couldn't focus on it, to tell whether it said seventy or more. "The new twenty-eight models," he yelled. "Get one of those when they come out. Then you can do better."

He thought: *I'm tight. Well. Two months is a good try, anyway.*

IT was a brilliant winter, and mad, with the world moving always to a faster pace and Washington setting it. In the White House a lean soft-spoken man sat smugly watching the stock market go up and remarked that he approved of sex, when asked; so, essentially, did the students at Georgetown, along with gin and a dance called the Varsity Drag and a tune that asked plaintively, "Why must you be mean to me?" and wide-skirted trousers and the new Whiteman arrangements and—particularly—a young newcomer to their ranks named Don Ameche.

They loved him. He had shoulders that ploughed successfully through the toughest backfields, so that at football games his name was roared joyously, repeatedly by the stands. He had a grin that said, when he met you, "This is the happiest day of my life," and that was usually true. He danced well, wore his correct clothes well; he had, above all, the Right Attitude about things—a credo of unabashed forthright cynicism, of recklessness, of sensual awareness to the present which was without thought, attuned immoderately to laughter.

Mark had been right in his implication. Washington was no town for work or study. The embassies snapped brief cases and put away the sealing wax at four; everyone had either money or a good job and unlimited credit; there were poker and bridge to be played (Prohibition had impoverished Papa Felix, the saloon-keeper, and Don needed spending money); there were the races at Pimlico, attended as a business proposition, and the multiple attractions of Bowie and Laurel which palled only with the dawn.

In the spring Don had a chat with the dean, learned with astonishment that he had found time to attend only twelve classes during the school year, and, on advisement, resigned before they could flunk him. His friends saw him off for three days and nights; but by the time the train reached Milwaukee he was well enough to swagger through the station and shout down Felix's loud, Italian disapproval.

That night after dinner his mother came into his room and sat on the bed beside him.

"Dominic," she said softly, touching his arm
(Continued on page 78)



THREE DAMP FOOLS

Screwballs by birth (and preference)
—all the world's a stooge for those
merry zanies—the Ritz Brothers

BY JENNIFER WRIGHT

THREE heads rose above the surface of a Venetian canal, turned left, turned right. A whale hove into sight. Three thumbs hailed him. "Fishie! Yoohoo!"

The canal, part of the décor for "The Goldwyn Follies," belonged to Sam Goldwyn. The heads belonged to the Ritz Brothers. The whale belonged to no recognizable species, though his ferocious grin, his lunatic leer, and the fact that he lived in a canal suggested a hereditary resemblance to the three he was approaching. He halted, took them aboard and pushed off beyond the camera's eye.

A few minutes later three dripping gondoliers passed in Indian file across the set to their dressing rooms. No. 1 jerked a thumb at No. 2. "I'm Jimmy." No. 2 poked a finger into his own ribs. "He's Al." No. 3 flapped a derisive arm.

"Don't let 'em fool you, lady. They're all Harry."

The other two turned and glared at him. "Whaddaya mean, they're all Harry? The lady wants information, not cracks. Pfui on you, Al!"

"Pfui on yourself. I was Al yesterday."

"You were Al yesterday? Then I didn't have my breakfast yet."

"Whadda you care? It's raining anyhow."

"So why didn't I wear my rubbers, dope? Look, your tongue is wet."

Here the wardrobe man interposed. "You're all a little damp, boys. Better get your things off."

They broke into a trot. "Three—damp—fools," one of them bellowed. The others picked it up. "Three—damp—fools—" "Oi, how they run—" "Weh's mir, vee zay layfen—"

Three doors slammed shut. One popped open again. "We'll be back in a moment with previews of the new pictures. The first picture of the year is—Darryl Zanuck—bing, bing, bing, bing—"

Another head came through: "A five-Crosby picture—"

"With six matzoth balls. And make it snappy."

"Until then, this is Jimmy Ritz, saying yoohoo to you—"

"And I dew mean yoohoo."

This constitutes a normal introduction to the Ritzes. The chief difference between their

screened and unscreened antics lies in a certain organization. On the screen they're limited by time, plots and budgets. Off the screen they function unhampered. Their inhibitions are few, their fancy never runs dry. They are no thwarted intellectuals, seeking release in comedy as an art form. Screwballs by birth and preference, they place responsibility squarely on the shoulders of their father, "Maxie, the life of the party."

WHY the strain should have found expression in just these three, skipping their brother George and their sister Gertrude, is one of those mysteries that doesn't matter. Three is enough, you beam or groan, depending on whether you're an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox or the current victim of their pleasantries.

To keep the record straight, Harry's the one in the middle, Al the taller, Jimmy the shorter endman. Al's two years older, Harry two years younger than Jimmy. Al has been married for ten years to Annette Nelson, once his dancing partner. "Sometimes I have nightmares," she says. "I dream I'm married to a Ritz brother. Then I wake up and find it's true."

"You could knock her over with a feather," says Al. "Only she just washed it, and she can't do a thuh-hing with it."

Two years ago Harry fell in love with the face of a girl on a poster. She was Charlotte Greenfield. She is now Charlotte Ritz, and bearing

(Continued on page 87)

The **CAMERA** Speaks—

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST

A "behind the scenes" glimpse—
while one camera, only a few feet
from Fernand Gravet and Carole
Lombard, shoots a close-up of the
stars, another catches producer-
director Mervyn Le Roy looking
on the scene with approval



Marlene Dietrich



Joan Crawford



Jessie Matthews



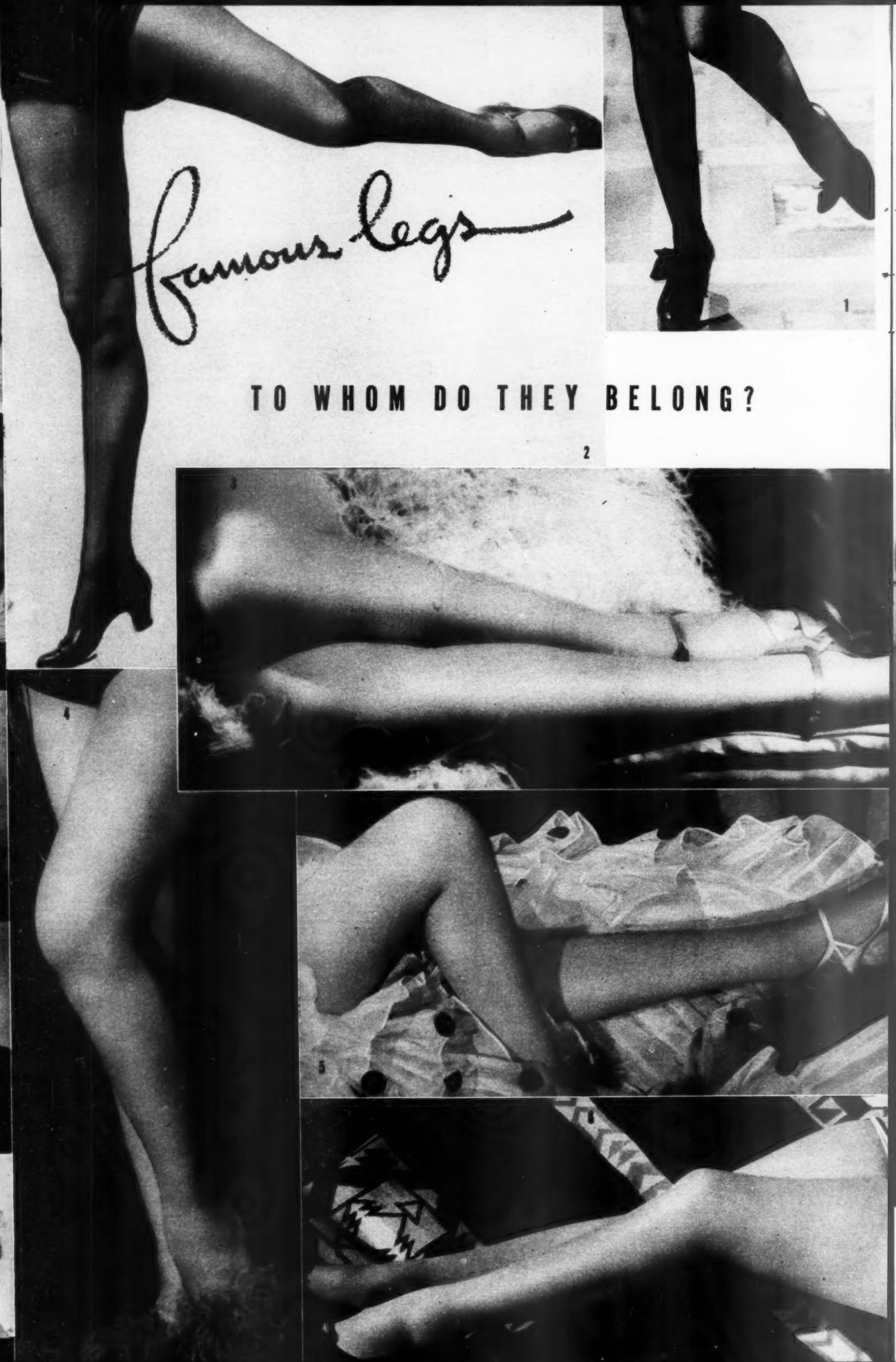
Alice Faye



Ginger Rogers



Shirley Temple



famous legs

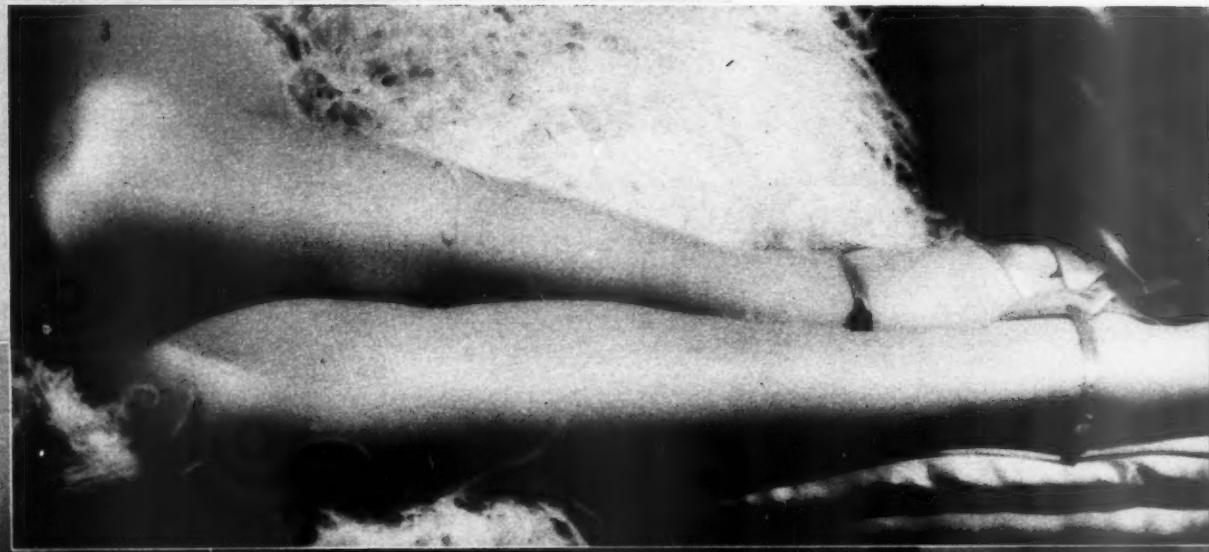
TO WHOM DO THEY BELONG?

2



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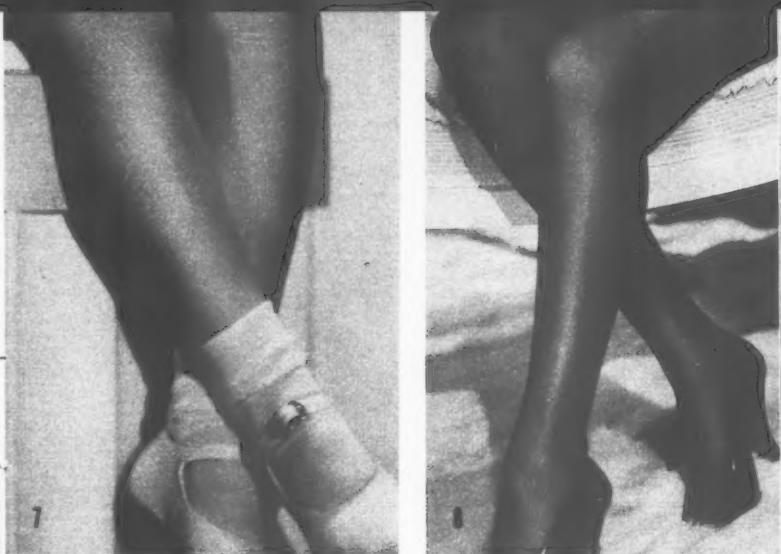
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Betty Grable



Carole Lombard



Dorothy Lamour



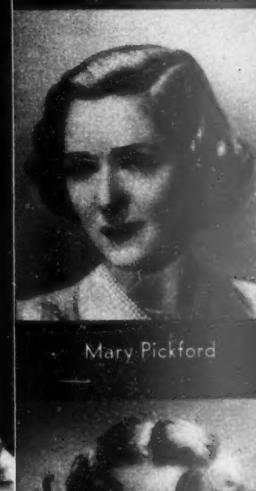
Eleanor Powell



11



12



Mary Pickford



Joan Blondell

You've seen them all—they're the mainstays of the glamour girls pictured at either side. Some have won glory to the tintinnabulation of hot swing music, others are purely decorative. If the curve is familiar but you can't quite match it with the girl, turn to page 78 for the correct answer



The great outdoors, cross-country hikes, riding—Joel McCrea

Tyrone Power—epitome of youth, cocktails à deux, swing, keen brains

WELL, WHO DO YOU THINK THE HANDSOMEST?



Cary Grant — deb's delight, dinner date at a night club, love's song on a tenor sax

Horses, hunting, racy cars, lovely ladies — Clark Gable





Adventure, red sails in
the sunset, champion-
ship game—Errol Flynn



Quiet humor, very American in Bond Street clothes—Gary Cooper



Romance of the older man, slightly mysterious,
most refined, very British—Ronald Colman



College boy in top hat, exponent
of unspoiled charm in a sophisti-
cated setting—Robert Taylor



The gentleman in the coonskin cap emoting so heavily right at the heroine is idol Edmund Lowe in "Roads of Destiny"



"Green Grow the Lilacs," flourishing on Broadway twelve years ago, had everything from a nice homey touch to these two famous film stars of today—Franchot Tone and Helen Westley, above. Left: who's feeling whose pulse in "Sick-A-Bad," Mary Boland or her pining patient? Right: "Burlesque" made theater audiences aware of an ex-chorine, Barbara Stanwyck





Above: you won't believe it, but this is a picture of the Grand Old Lady in one of her lighter moments—May Robson as the wife of this coy "Messenger Boy" in the play of the same name. Upper right: the pretty little girl whom John Drew is holding so gingerly upon his knees is "Queen Victoria" in person, Helen Hayes. Lower right: equipped for "Have a Heart," bowler, watch chain and all—it's E. G. Robinson

Star-Gazing BACKWARD

Still famous today, these notables
once played, believe it or not,
this sort of legitimate "drayma"



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
CULVER SERVICE



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GIRLS OF THE GOLDEN QUEST

Hollywood is the mecca of a million

*Cinderellas. Here are three wise
girls whose stars led the right way*

A scout found her manicuring in a Hollywood shop. Starmaker Zanuck is training her. Now, Arlean Whe-
lan (above) debuts in "Kidnapped"

Danielle Darrieux (left), famous French actress, came to American attention first in "Mayerling." Now she's under contract to Universal

She was the legend of Vienna—Ilona Massey, Hungarian peasant girl who overnight became an opera star. Hollywood beckoned—and now, at M-G-M she seeks still greater fame



To J. R. Cicchetti of Watertown, Mass., goes our first prize for this picture of the late Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, taken when they came East last winter en route to the President's Birthday Ball

When Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels sailed with their young daughter, Barbara Bebe, back in June, 1936, Helen Bradley of Flushing, L. I., was on hand to snap them. Ben and Bebe were expected home for Christmas but their South Africa tour was so successful, they decided to linger on

Nadya Pashkovsky of New York City was delighted that her enthusiasm for tennis took her to the Hollywood tournaments last September, for she was lucky enough to snap Claire Trevor there and win a prize besides

For the list of this month's prize winners and further information about this extraordinary new Photoplay contest, please turn to page 91

Last year Madeline Nueske saw Errol Flynn (left) off for his "front row seat" in the Spanish War. And about Clark Gable (below), photographer Miss F. L. Keene of L. A. says, "Boy, oh, boy, he's one truly big star who isn't afraid to be friendly with fans!"

Maryland named a town for Lily Pons and Curtess Callahan, who took this picture, says, "I was lucky enough to get her autograph when she was here. And am I proud!"

Romance! Mickey "Don Juan" Rooney got caught when Audrey Frost of Huntington Park, California, saw him escorting Judy Garland to the corner drugstore for a big ice-cream soda





Helen Coyne of Jackson Heights knows where to find Hollywood celebrities when they visit New York. When Joan Bennett was heading for the famous "21" when Miss Coyne recognized her



Sonja Henie climbed the rail and smiled sweetly for Anton Lonek, Jr. when he turned his camera on her. It was her first trip home since her success here



Hollywood's greatest baseball fan, Joe E. Brown, turns on the famous smile for Mrs. Floyd Hoskinson of Chicago. Joe was in the Windy City managing the South Side boys' team



Madeline Nueske haunts the docks of New York to add to her camera collection of Hollywood Stars. This day she was lucky enough to see Doug Fairbanks, Jr., arrive

OUR READERS SNAP THEIR FAVORITE STARS

Mrs. Helen McClendon of Albuquerque used ingenuity to get this picture. When the late Rudolph Valentino, on his last trip to New York, refused to pose, she snapped it while hiding behind a friend

And about the best-dressed man on the screen, Mrs. McClendon says, "This proves that even our most immaculate stars at times let down their back hair and become one of us, for it is none other than our impeccable Adolphe Menjou"

Another of Madeline Nueske's prize-winning pictures is this of Robert Taylor taken on the S.S. Berengaria when he sailed for England to appear in "A Yank at Oxford." It was a hot day and Bob shed his coat and mopped

Happy honeymooners, they were, when Vincent E. Haley of Houston, Texas, snapped Joan Blondell and Dick Powell aboard the S.S. Santa Paula. Had she foreseen the ten days before her in New York, Joan mightn't have smiled so sweetly



TROUPERS -



BOTH UNSPOILED



In Hollywood where miss and mister order from the same tailor, similarities are more than suit-deep. Witness those two naturals—Bing Crosby and Glenda Farrell. In his days of rhythm-making with Paul Whiteman, in her years behind the footlights, they learned instinctively you can't fool all the people all the time with professional faking. Now, after more than seven years in Make-Believe Town, they're still staunch members of the Be Yourself School; and their popularity graphs remain high and steady.

BEST

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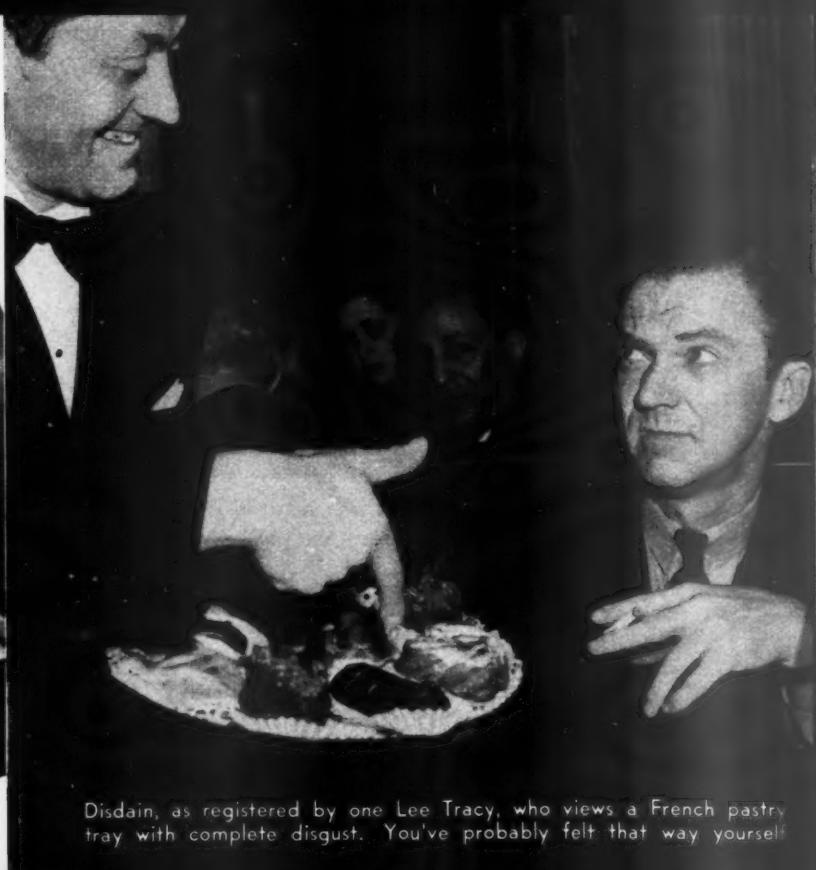
At the races — Holy Terror Withers, inveterate gambler, chews a rabbit's foot frantically, and her horse wins!



As for typical Hollywood play girls: here's Joyce Matthews and Laurie Lane



In retirement — Don Ameche snapped in an odd spot at an odd moment in the Troc. Privacy, where is thy sting?



Disdain, as registered by one Lee Tracy, who views a French pastry tray with complete disgust. You've probably felt that way yourself.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HYMAN FINK

It's a
do it
news

"CANDIDS" OF THE MONTH



And there's always romance—with the Gaynor-Power team on top



It's a quaint Hollywood custom—eating at a drive-in and they all do it, from star to extra. Here's Anne Shirley, much aware of the newspaper, unaware of the camera, all involved with a hamburger

Set-up shot: "Water coming up" to Bob Montgomery, who combines refreshment and refereeing



Shirley GOES TO THE DOGS



Here's that girl-child again! Seems as though we can't let a month go by without breaking down and slipping in a picture of her—she's that consistently irresistible. This time she forsakes the kitchen to romp with the very doggy Rowdy and Corky; and, while three may be a crowd in a wheelbarrow, yet it's gay company, too, when fun-loving Miss T's involved



Mad as only Hollywood can be is this month's news of the people who make up the world's most famous town

At Home With Garbo

GRETA GARBO went home to Sweden to spend the winter with her mother, so while she was away PHOTOPLAY's mice worked instead of played, culling these tidbits about her and her house in Brentwood:

1. Her interest in clothes is not so casual, after all! Her wardrobe of sport things is both ex-

tensive and magnificent, with suits and over-coats designed by the world's foremost tailors; and she adores making several changes a day.

2. She has never set foot inside her own dining room. All her meals are served her in bed, or on the sun porch where she reclines on a fancy swing made complete with mattress, sheets, pillows and blankets.

3. On the other hand, her kitchen is her favorite room, for that is where her shiny latest model ice box is to be found. She sits by it by the hour, admiring its size, its many lights and ice trays. She pecks at this tidbit and that; shrieks with glee at the revolving glass boxes of hors d'oeuvres; and vastly disrupts kitchen routine and confuses the cook by indulging her new passion for emptying and refilling ice trays.

4. Her negro chauffeur-butler, in her employ eight years, is her devoted slave. Fanatically anxious to fulfill her every bidding to the letter, he mumbles an order—even such a simple one as, "A glass of lemonade, please"—over and over to himself until it is successfully carried out.

5. She recently bought a trailer which she often drives herself. Here she listens to her music, reads her books, often cooks, and sees America first.

This is the team that keeps the columnists' typewriters busily tapping. Meanwhile, Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power go on having all of the fun—all of the time. Left: Phyllis Brooks, sandwiched in between handsome Cary Grant and executive Harry Cohn, is evidently just plain tired of it all

6. On the set, abhorring the call boy bawling "Miss Garbo, please!", she is brought running by the honk of an old automobile horn.

"Stokie" Gets the Breaks

HE WAS just plain Stokowski to the Walt Disney crew. And to Stokowski, they were Walt and Bill and Jiggers and Skinny. What's more, the famous conductor claims he never was so happy in all his life as when he was arranging and conducting the music for Disney's new cartoon, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

Because of certain labor rules, the actual recording could not begin until one minute after midnight on a Monday morning. Until 3:30 A.M. the musicians and leader worked on the recording and then joined in a jam session that thousands would have paid any sum to hear.

On the day following when Stokowski was scheduled to leave, Walt Disney went to Stokie with a request. Would he pose with *Mickey Mouse* for billboards?

"You mean I should have my profile taken beside *Mickey Mouse* for all the billboards?" Stokowski gasped. "You mean I can really pose

FOURTEENTH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



with Mickey? Surely, I'll stay as long as it takes. It is the biggest honor of my life."

And Stokie stayed one week longer to pose with Mickey.

Mrs. Thin Man—Listen In!

WILLIAM POWELL is back in form again, plaguing Myrna Loy, his screen wife, with all sorts of pranks. But once in a while someone gets even with Bill, as witness what happened when the actor trekked to San Francisco for a short location trip.

The day before he left, Bill sent on his double and stand-in, Doc Dearborne, with a studio publicity agent. Once there, Doc and the publicity rascal decided to frame Bill, so Doc, with his hat pulled well down, registered as Powell. No one doubted it and the hotel manager was most effusive in his greetings.

But, the following day, Bill himself arrived and registered. The surprised clerk immediately summoned the manager who stared at Powell in frank suspicion.

"Sorry," he said, "but there seems to be a slight error. Mr. Powell himself registered here with a friend whom I know well."

And just when the affair had reached the cop-calling stage, Doc and his friend put in an appearance and saved the day.

Powell wouldn't speak to either of them for two days. And then only to beg that neither of them would ever tell Myrna.

What Next, Marlene?

PARAMOUNT has decided to pay Dietrich the sum of \$250,000 rather than make another picture with the star. It's reported that they claim Marlene is bad news at the box office and money is lost, rather than earned, on her pictures.

Hitting a new high in Hollywood parties was this fete at the Joseph Schenck home when movietown came to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Darryl Zanuck on their wedding anniversary. The Zanucks, as you see, had their own way of congratulating each other (above). Their mood was infectious: Norma Shearer (wearing the only hat at the party) posed for this close-up with Mrs. Fairbanks while Doug, Sr. and Doug, Jr. (Norma's escort) beamed. Basil Rathbone and Dietrich (below) held hands to show their sympathy with the entire proceeding

Hollywood is divided, like all Gaul, into three parts on the Dietrich question.

First, there is that group that claim our Nell hasn't been done right by; that the star of "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" has been badly handled, badly advised and badly directed; that one good picture, with an understanding director, would bring back the glamorous actress that once was.

Another set frankly claims that Dietrich, while an utterly beautiful woman, never was an actress and, without Joseph von Sternberg to guide her, proved that fact not once but several times.

The third group claims Marlene brought about her own demise with ridiculous publicity such as men's trousers, fervent friendships with various swains and strange interviews.

At any rate, Hollywood agrees on one thing. With the passing of La Dietrich, if she really leaves us, goes the most beautiful woman Hollywood has known since the days of lovely Barbara La Marr.

Joan Crawford—Her Column

SLIMMER and trimmer than ever, Joan Crawford returned from her New York vacation happy about three things:

1. It actually snowed, just once, as a farewell serenade to the actress whom New York took to its jittery old heart.

2. She found her legion of fans had remained faithful during a year of bad and indifferent pictures.

3. She lost weight. "Look," she said, guiding our hand to her elegant hip bones, "just like Connie Bennett."

She has plans—grand, exciting new plans. She's going on the stage; and no lass from the sticks could be more goose-pimply about it. "In July, I'm signing a new contract which gives me six months on the stage and six months in pictures. And, what's more, I'm doing this just for me. I want to please me and play any and every old kind of character I want to. And I don't even ask for stardom or my name in lights. That's how much in earnest I am."

Oh yes, about this "adopting-a-baby" rumor. Just to hear that something in Joan's voice as she talks of her little four-year-old niece, Joan, to see the something in her eyes as she speaks of her, reveals a heart already full to overflowing with love for one baby.

"Joanie pants" or "Baby," Joan calls her and gets a terrific bang over the fact they're so much alike and have so many characteristics in common. They both want what they want when they want it, Joan says. And the nearest they ever came to a downright falling-out was when

they had quite a frisky little set-to over a Charlie McCarthy doll. Joan bought one for herself and "Joanie pants" wanted it. "You're getting one for your birthday," Joan told her. "This one is for me and I want to keep it because I love it."

Well, it went on far into the night, that argument, with Joan sticking to her guns and Charlie McCarthy. Only "Joanie pants" didn't have to wait for her birthday. She got one exactly like big Joan's the very next day.

Little Joan calls her auntie Joan, "Baby," too. Has it fixed in her mind, somehow, that the name Joan just naturally calls for the pet name "Baby?"

"Baby," she'll cry, running out the kindergarten door into the waiting arms of her aunt. "Oh baby, baby, baby."

The teachers think it's mighty queer goings-on all the way around. "Baby" doesn't care. Neither does "Joanie pants."

The day we went a-visiting out to Big Baby's house she took us up to see Little Baby's room. "This is her room," Joan said, and her eyes caressed every toy and object in it. The forward Mickey Mouse in his corner and the ridiculously monstrous Teddy bear in his corner. But it's the little kitchen sink with all its cooking pans that both big and little Joan love best.

Every afternoon, we (Continued on page 93)



Jock Whitney dines with Loretta Young (her new coiffure upset the males); Gene Markey and Anita Louise (right) chat happily



Mr. and Mrs. Warner, Louella Parsons, Dr. Martin and the Harry Browns are at the left. Ceilings of gardenias and silver leaves; cockatoos; and a bridal bouquet that filled one side of the hall made this "the most brilliant party Hollywood has seen"



THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ LOVE IS A HEADACHE—M-G-M

IN a season filled with Broadway plots, this modest production contains a distinctive something and, thanks to Gladys George, will hold you fascinated from credits to kiss.

As an actress suffering from too many flop plays, she participates in a series of wild publicity stunts. Adoption of Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler as a sympathy campaign is the final straw that causes an admiring critic, Franchot Tone, to lambast her good and proper. He learns later that he is mistaken. Dick Thorpe's direction and the dialogue are smart; instead of seeing an artificially wrinkled, pathetic old lady, movie audiences now behold a glamorous Gladys George in popular entertainment. Tone is excellent as are also the late Ted Healy, Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler.



★ EVERYBODY SING—M-G-M

FIVE pictures like this a month would mean less Hollywood headaches and more universal joy. It's speedy and senseless and funny and bright with music; the cast is happily chosen; production is good.

The mad family idea is used, with Billie Burke as mother, Reginald Owen as playwright father, Judy Garland and Lynne Carver as sisters, Fanny Brice—hit of the show—as maid and nice Allan Jones as the chef who loves Lynne. Jones puts on a musical and Judy, egged on by Henry Armetta, runs away to appear in it. Thus you get a number of squabble scenes that are riots and an abundance of song. Apropos of our Editor Ruth Waterbury's recent comment: herewith a cheap film breathlessly done, and a hit.



★ GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warners

KNOWING that through Technicolor historical drama and the rare beauties of their surroundings were faithfully reproduced, a competent cast, headed by George Brent, Olivia de Havilland and Claude Rains, has created from this story an enlightening and intriguing hour of cinema.

It is based on the battle between farmers enjoying successful crops in the lowlands of California and the placer miners whose muddy water washes out their lands, ruining fertile acres. Morals and fortunes go, too.

First acting medals go to Claude Rains, Miss de Havilland (who looks more beautiful in color than ever before) and young Tim Holt. Russell Simpson is superb in support. Gripping drama.



★ THE DIVORCE OF LADY X—Korda-U.A.

IT would have been a far far better thing for one's enjoyment of Merle Oberon's new picture if they had allowed one to gaze on Miss Oberon's lusciousness (augmented by Technicolor) and the enticements of English hunting scenes unencumbered by any story at all.

The plot of this opus concerns a divorce action brought against the wrong woman—which “action” seems to be the only motion in the film. It's all very much ado about nothing, and aside from Ralph Richardson's side-splitting characterization of a rakish and drunken British nobleman, the story's comedy possibilities are weakly overacted by both Miss Oberon and Laurence Olivier. Binnie Barnes is alluring and the cast exceptionally good.



A Review of the New Pictures



★ A YANK AT OXFORD—M-G-M

IHOSE of you who may have thought Robert Taylor so far has evaded the cutting-room floor merely because of his personal graces, must, after seeing this, reverse your opinion. Taylor, evolved off screen from school boy to adult, here plays a school boy detachedly: wherefore his portrayal constitutes acting—and it's a fine, living characterization. “A Yank at Oxford” is also important because it is the first merging of Hollywood and British film interests with internationally appealing pictures as goal.

Against these significant properties, the piece's story seems secondary in consideration. It has, at least, a decided originality. Taylor is cast as the American son of a small-town editor, magnificently played by Lionel Barrymore; the boy is an excellent athlete and student, the pride of his father. When he wins a scholarship to Oxford the family goes in debt to send him abroad. Thenceforth the plot is lost in the genuine Old English surroundings, which are more interesting anyway. Bob wins and loses Maureen O'Sullivan; protects her brother; almost misses the big boat race, and in the interim takes a beating from his classmates.

There is included in this a plentiful amount of mutual back-slapping and harya-pal business which at times pains the discriminating. Taylor, however, is less the dandy and more the male—without being insufferable about it. Jack Conway's direction stands with fine credits to the entire cast.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
The Adventures of Marco Polo
The Divorce of Lady X
Gold Is Where You Find It
Everybody Sing

A Yank at Oxford
Action for Slander
Happy Landing
Paradise for Three
Love Is a Headache

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Sigrid Gurie in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Alan Hale in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"

Robert Taylor in "A Yank at Oxford"

Lionel Barrymore in "A Yank at Oxford"

Fanny Brice in "Everybody Sing"

Billie Burke in "Everybody Sing"

Judy Garland in "Everybody Sing"

Tom Kelly in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

Ann Gillis in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"



★ PARADISE FOR THREE—M-G-M



★ ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

ALTHOUGH similar to "I Met Him in Paris," this is sufficiently original and hilarious to stand alone as one of the better pictures. Frank Morgan and Robert Young are the principal fun-makers but Edna Mae Oliver, Mary Astor, Herman Bing and Henry Hull contribute generously.

Morgan, a wealthy investor, wants to spend a vacation as a simple man. He goes to an Alpine retreat as one of two winners of a contest he has sponsored. Edna Mae Oliver tips off the hotel which mistakenly picks Robert Young as the millionaire. When Mary Astor, an adventuress, learns Morgan's real identity, she sets her cap for him and surprises follow when Morgan's daughter, Florence Rice, arrives.

The direction is as smart as the dialog.



★ HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox



★ THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Goldwyn-United Artists

AFTER three pictures the amazing little blonde from Norway named Sonja Henie has placed herself in the box-office Big Ten. When you see this, her latest film, you will understand why. Into it Darryl Zanuck has poured from an overflowing horn the prime essentials of good cinema: spectacle, romance, fine music, breathless beauty, the essence of entertainment. The whole is geared to post-limit tempo.

There are faults, of course. The thread of story, used like thin library paste to hold together the multiple production numbers, hardly justifies itself. In the beginning, woman-crazy Cesar Romero, band leader, flies with his manager, Don Ameche, to Paris as a publicity stunt. A storm grounds them in Norway, where Cesar dallies with a young girl to pass the time until he can leave. The deluded girl, Sonja, follows him to New York where she learns her mistake: Cesar is running about with ebullient Ethel Merman. Ameche takes Sonja, manages her to stardom as a skater, falls in love with her himself—and then general misunderstanding confuses the whole setup.

Ballet on ice, first presented here, is a rhythmic kind of dreamlike beauty that has no parallel. Interspersed lavishly are comedy sketches by Billy Gilbert and El Brendel, hot swing by Raymond Scott, numbers by Miss Merman and Leah Ray, and clogging by the Condos Brothers, but Sonja on ice is the picture's happiest asset.

AGAINST some of the most beautiful backgrounds given any picture in years, and tempered with rare good humor, Samuel Goldwyn makes his first presentation of Gary Cooper. Without Cooper this super-epic would be impressive entertainment; with him the adventure of a romantic stalwart who opened new trade routes from Europe to Asia and became one of history's most glamorous personalities becomes extraordinary filmfare. As Polo, Cooper brings to a rôle that might have been bloodless a warmth that is most engaging.

When Polo comes to ancient China from Venice he incurs the enmity of Ahmed, favored of Kublai Khan's advisors. In teaching a princess (Sigrid Gurie) how to kiss, he finds unexpected thrills, romance and intrigue. After Ahmed's men attack his caravan, Polo strikes up a friendship with Kaidu (Alan Hale), a robust chieftain and the much henpecked husband of Nazama. Since Nazama finds Polo entertaining, Kaidu agrees to be his friend. A bit perplexed, but a scholarly soul, Polo follows instructions. His efforts to evade the pursuing Nazama and to rescue the Princess from Ahmed give Polo much to do in the final reels. The outcome is exciting and frequently extremely funny.

Sigrid Gurie, as China-doll-like as Lillian Gish, proves worthy of her energetic sponsorship. Rare beauty is hers and her naturalness should win many future opportunities. Alan Hale's scenes are outstanding. Fascinating entertainment.

THIS is the most felicitous opportunity Clive Brook has received since returning to English pictures several years ago. With a good, if typical high drawing room drama, a better production and a superfine cast to assist, Brook's restrained manner and clipped speech registers sympathetically.

There are two splendid scenes from the standpoint of suspense. The first one is a poker party at a country house where Clive is accused of cheating at cards; the second is a courtroom where he attempts to clear himself of the charge. Having fallen in love with another man's wife, he finds that one who plays with matches should expect to get burnt. The presiding judge at the trial (Morton Selten) is deliciously Dickensonian, and Ann Todd and Margaretta Scott take care of the sex appeal.



★ THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—Selznick-United Artists

PROVING again that sympathetic guidance and the proper vehicle can make new stars overnight even in the blasé Hollywood of today, David O. Selznick has really made screen history in this masterful visualization of Mark Twain's most beloved story. Three years ago Dr. Selznick gave us Freddie Bartholomew. Now he gives us Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, two refreshing and untheatrical mites.

The action of this natural color drama takes place in a Mississippi valley village in 1845. But all youngsters of today possess the same adventurous hearts; it is this spirit that makes the film so good.

With *Huckleberry Finn*, Tom and Joe Harper leave home to play pirates on a river islet. They find more than dream characters on the island and with popping eyes they go on a treasure hunt that makes townsfolk think they have been drowned. The story is too well known to need repeating but the hairraising experiences of the children bring love into the weary hearts of Tom and Becky—a love that brings richness to the conclusion.

Few seasoned veterans have ever approached the dramatic heights of Ann Gillis' scenes in the stalactite cave and Master Kelly's talent is really remarkable. May Robson as *Aunt Polly*, Walter Brennan as *Muff Potter*, Mickey Rentschler, Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Moran and David Holt lend much to the genuine enjoyment of this all-family play.

(Continued on page 96)

"This one's nuts," says Melvyn Douglas, speaking politely of "There's Always a Woman," when he gets his hair pulled by Joan Blondell



THE STUDIOS

***It's good for many a chuckle—this
monthly report by the man who sees
all, knows all—and tells everything***

BY JACK WADE

JANE WITHERS sat in the sun and grinned up at us. Jane was feeling swell. Her bowling team had beat the daylights out of Shirley Temple's the night before, her new batch of tropical fish had just multiplied itself into a lot more, the bangles on her gypsy costume were clinking, and her new motor scooter was hitting on all two.

"Come on in," said Jane to us. "This scene's a cinch."

An auspicious way to start our monthly

studio set prowl, we think, towed by Jane inside the Twentieth Century-Fox stage to see the "Little Gypsy" set.

Sometimes our illusions of a movie star's lot fade badly after invading the joints where they really work. Most of them frown, look worried and tired, even a little bilious in grease paint, like being a star wasn't so much fun, after all. Not so joyous Janie. The whole thing's a big never-ending binge to her.

She hops into her new dressing-room trailer, with a built-in schoolroom, dressing table, refrigerator and all modern improvements. (Her producer, Sol Wurtzel, came across with it for Christmas.) And so, while Mrs. Withers, one of our favorite movie mamas, gives us the dope on "Little Gypsy," Jane, herself, pounces on an unwilling white cat.

"This is 'Snow White,'" she announces. "That is since the Disney picture," says Mrs. Withers. "Yep," agrees Jane, "he used to be 'Snow Ball'."

"Little Gypsy," says Mrs. Withers, "looks like one of Jane's best pictures."

It's full of music and dancing, with Jane doing her share—try and stop her. Then, too, it has the longest shooting schedule of any Withers' picture yet. Jane's leap into sixth place in the box-office poll did it. From now on Jane gets thirty days—not in jail—but on the set.

"Little Gypsy" will probably win no Academy

Award, but it has plenty of sinister complications and a swell gypsy caravan chase at the end. Oh yes, it also has Rochelle Hudson.

Something scoots past. A minute later someone cries, "Okay, print it!" and Jane is back with us, not even breathing hard. One-Take Withers! Mrs. W. smiles proudly. She and Jane leave Hollywood on a personal tour after "Little Gypsy." Jane is all set to wow 'em.

"Just let her out on the stage," says Mrs. Withers, "and she'll put on a show. I never worry. If she runs out of something to sing or say she'll think up an impersonation."

"Look," demands an imperative voice behind us. Jane stands in the door of the trailer with a lah-de-day expression. Around her neck coils "Snow White," a reluctant scratching fur piece. The tableau is familiar.

"Stage Door," says Jane. "How'm I doin'?"

We shake off the daze of the Withers' personality in the California sun and trot over for a peek at "Kidnaped." Twentieth Century-Fox's stages always awe us. They look like museums or great halls of learning—on the outside. Inside, though, they're like all the rest; a cop at the door, overalled guys with huge gloves running around on catwalks overhead; grips with hammers swinging at their sides; a director sprawled in a chair; a cameraman squinting through his finder; sometimes a few stars.

Warner Baxter stars in "Kidnapped," with Freddie Bartholomew. It's the old R. L. Stevenson thriller, slightly reconditioned, and this is the second version they're shooting. Zanuck threw out the first one. It's a swashbuckler for Warner, in line with his most fortunate roles. Someday, of course, Warner is going to swash a little too vigorously and buckle his pins from under him. But right now he's a proud Scot who won't swear allegiance to the British crown, and from there on it's practically all cops and robbers, with Freddie mixing in the chase. We watch a scene in a tavern with Warner, Ralph Forbes, John Carradine and Moroni Olsen. A frog in his throat balls up the scene a couple of times for Warner, but it's finally in the can along with much sword clanking. Freddie isn't around today. But when he shows up, it'll be his first picture in a year, what with the court battles and stuff.

While Freddie's been fighting, Warner says he's been fishing—for five solid months—off the coast of Mexico, which, you'd think, would take care of a flock of Fridays. His new boat, the "War-Wynne" (Warner's name and his wife's) has just been slipped into the harbor and when you see him fighting the British with a bang-bang, he'll probably be trying it out on the poor barracuda.

M-G-M, "Muggum," as we local yokels say, takes the roving reporter rap next. We're surprised to see Maureen O'Sullivan, her peaches and cream complexion smothered in grease paint, parked on the "Madelon" set, with Wally Beery and Frank Morgan. Maureen explains: She got back from England and "A Yank at Oxford" on Saturday night, they sent her the script of "Madelon" Sunday, she went to work Monday. "And," she wails, "I haven't even had time to look at my new house!" They hammered it together while she was away.

John Eal is tending bar in the Marseilles saloon set for "Madelon." That's a surprise. Jimmy Stewart was supposed to be there. We'll have to look into this. Around a bar table Frank Morgan, Wally, looking, as usual, like a hobo just out of a railroad jungle, and Etienne Girardot, our favorite elderly screwball, play cards under the expert supervision of James Whale.

Everybody seems perky and happy and an obliging "grip" explains why. All last week, he reveals, the set smelled like a sardine cannery—or worse. Three thousand fish in various stages of freshness cluttered up the stage and the air was something to long remember. Especially along toward the last of the week when even the formaldehyde didn't work. Everybody now was gloating in the fresh air.

Wally Beery informs us that after this picture he's earned a sizeable vacation which he'll spend globe girdling with his wife and Carol Ann. He's going to fly everywhere possible and if he doesn't break his neck, he'll make another set of movies when he gets back. Then his nurse walks up and says how about a look at that leg. Wally Beery with a nurse on the set! Yes, ladies and gents, it's true. That old gunshot from "Bad Man of Brimstone" still has Wally limping around.

WE ran into Gene Raymond in our very next stop at dear old Paramount. He's stalking around the set of "Stolen Heaven," mumbling over his lines, so we leave him alone. As usual, Gene's under a slouch hat of strange contour. Something ought to be done about Gene Raymond's hats. Write your Congressman. "Stolen Heaven" (they might have dreamed up a less showy title) is all about a gang of jewel thieves in Paris, which isn't too new an idea, either. But there's plenty of excitement and dark doings.

In the set lull, we plunk down beside a girl in a white wig, who is poring over a French

book. Beside her sits a teacher, getting in a few licks of education. It's Olympe Bradna, the seventeen-year-old Continental sweetie who clicked so quickly with George Raft in "Souls at Sea." We decide we will take Olympe with cream, no sugar necessary.

First there's that name. Yes, admits Olympe, it's really "O-lamp," if you give it the works in French. But she holds small hopes of any success with that over here. Already they call her "Wimpy" on the set. "Or maybe it's 'Impy,'" smiles O-lamp.

She wears a large hunk of adhesive tape on her ankle. From riding a bike that bit her. "Put what really hurts," complains Wimpy in very precise English, "are my wrists. They've been slapping handcuffs on me all morning!" Olympe is one of those nice, well brought up

French girls whose parents watch her like a hawk. No dates, no parties, no Hollywood night clubbing. It's a great idea if it works, but Wimpy has the cutest wink with her right eye when she smiles.

Indefinite set inactivity finally forces us over to the set of "You and Me," where the first day of George Raft's new picture is under way. It's a dance hall set with a bunch of bored extras pretending they're having the time of their lives. "You and Me" relates the struggle of two ex-convicts, boy and girl, to go straight after parole. There's plenty of sympathy, and you can count on this—there'll always be plenty of sympathy for George in his parts from now on. He thinks it builds his box-office.

Sylvia Sidney is the girl in the case. But on the set we catch no one but extras and one be-

You've probably been wondering what film would bring young Freddie Bartholomew back to the screen. It's "Kidnapped," Zanuck version





"You can't get away from Doug Jr.'s charm. He has it in large doses," says the author. Irene Dunne seems totally unaware of said charm in this shot from the film titled—paradoxically, "The Joy of Loving"

wildered-looking blonde girl. She's Cheryl Walker, Queen of the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena this New Year's, taking a crack at pictures. We track George Raft down in his dressing room, the one that used to be Gary Cooper's. Mack Gray, the killer, hovers around as usual. George says he doesn't know much about this picture yet, but his new house is being painted and he'll move in next month. He says it's a relief to get back to work—and a saving, too. When he's idle, he haunts Santa Anita, and the bangtails have been very unkind to his judgment and pocketbook as well. The horses are a sucker racket, says George, and we leave, with a lesson.

COLUMBIA calls on the way over to RKO, and the siren song is "There's Always a Woman." In this case, there are three women—Joan Blondell, Mary Astor and Frances Drake—and one male, Melvyn Douglas. Before we go any further, be warned that it's another of those insane fun orgies, in which all the principals suspect each other and sleuth around with embarrassing results. The plot thickens as we watch in a glittering night club set. Ermines and minks clutter up the place, and Mary Astor's gold-cloth evening number makes you dive for your sun glasses. Joan Blondell, in a coiffure that suggests a dish mop with a ringlet wave, rolls her big eyes around the room. "Now pout," says Director Al Hall. Joan pouts. "Simone Blondell," whispers an extra; it gets a big laugh.

Joan says she wore the fancy headrig once before at Warners. For two days. "And there were two days of retakes," she adds with a grin. Joan's pretty happy about the whole picture, though. Also that hubby Dick Powell has adopted her son, Norman.

We tackle Melvyn Douglas at the phony bar. He's sipping a coca cola pensively. "This," announces Melvyn, "is the craziest picture I've been on yet. 'I Met Him in Paris'? Listen—that at least made sense. This one's nuts."

"Well," adds Director Hall, "aren't we all? Let's shoot it while we feel that way."

At RKO, we discover why Jimmy Stewart isn't on the "Madelon" set at M-G-M. He's over here, and here's why. Away last spring, "Vivacious Lady" started to shoot with Jimmy in the cast. After ten days, Jimmy got sick as a pup and they carted him off to the hospital. But instead of replacing James, RKO called off the picture until now. Which we tag as a pretty swell tribute to the Stewart.

Ginger Rogers, star of the picture, says she feels like a million Coolidge dollars in spite of the fact that she got only ten days' rest between this picture and "Having Wonderful Time." Next she'll do "Carefree" for that old Rogers-Astaire combine. Fred's been having himself a whirl in New York and Florida while Ginger relaxed making a couple of pictures. A week riding in the hills at Ojai fixes her up, says Ginger, but she would like a trip after "Carefree."

WE can't pull ourselves past "The Joy of Loving" set without a look at an old weakness, Irene Dunne, the Kentucky Duse. It's a court-set this day, and the judge is catching up on *Variety* while a formidable cop reads his *PHOTOPLAY*.

Irene and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., scramble up and down a corridor while the camera and crew "dolly" madly before them. It's the hottest day in Hollywood in twenty-six years, over eighty, but, when the take's over, Irene, panting, goes out in the fur benny and sits in the sun!

Doug, Jr., comes over to say hello. The scene, he explains, is where Irene has him pinched for mashing and then paroled in her care. Doug

grins. He's looking more like his dad every day, though handsomer. He says he'll be held in Hollywood a year or so anyway this trip, and he wishes he had his cabin boat that's over on the Thames. You can't get away from Doug's charm, he has it in large doses.

Director Tay Garnett, smiling as always, passes by and we learn why he always swings a cane. He picked up a piece of lath once and carried it around on an old picture that turned out to be a hit. Now he gets a new cane with every picture that rings the bell. This one came from "Stand-In."

We find out why Irene wears a smile, too. She's having a lot of fun with her daughter, Mary Frances Griffin, these days. In the middle of an outdoor publicity picture sitting the other day, Irene burst out with the chuckles. They asked her why and she pointed to the blimp that hangs over Los Angeles like a huge silver cigar. "The last time I saw that," she explained, "I was with Mary Frances. She said . . . 'Look—it's the Bump!'"

Over at Warner Brothers, "Golddiggers in Paris" looks like an excuse for one of those (Continued on page 95)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, currently appearing in "Jezebel," wears a casual tri-color spring ensemble of suede designed for her by Voris. The two-piece, short-sleeved frock belted with grey snakeskin is jacketed in grey, and Bette's hat of the same hue is banded in gold to match her smart hand-sewn gloves



19

20





Photographed exclusively for Photoplay — charming Claudette Colbert demonstrates two smart moods in costuming. Pink oleander blossoms pattern her brown swim suit (left) of a satin lastex created by Mabs Barnes of Hollywood. The suit features a front skirt, accented bustline and a halter strap. You can wear it now for indoor swimming. Claudette wears these two costumes in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

For the date when you wish to be most naïve, Travis Banton designed this exquisite handmade afternoon frock. Of white chiffon over crepe, the collar, cuffs and edges of the front pleats (which are stitched to the knee) are trimmed with fine "Val" lace; the off-the-face rolled-brim panama is of pale blue. If you don't plan an Easter vacation at a resort, why not copy this frock in a dark sheer for spring wear?



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CHANGE
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PACE

When the mood in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" called for sophistication, Banton designed this black tulle dancing frock (left) for Claudette. Crisp shoulder bows of tulle with single streamers (to fall front and back) form a frame for the star's flirtatious face. The silhouette is kept slim by a slip of black taffeta, while the bouffant skirt of the gown itself is made even gayer with a black tulle hip tunic highlighted with dollar discs of gleaming silver

Make way in your spring wardrobe for a flourish of bright plaid. Anne Shirley, currently appearing in "Condemned Women," steps into the bright sunshine, wearing a chic ensemble in Easter colors. The sheer wool skirt and crepe scarf are of daffodil yellow. This same hue combines with grass green and earth brown to check a dressmaker jacket which is belted in brown leather. Anne's pancake, off-the-face beret is lacquered brown straw



Photographs by Munkasci



Brown grosgrain ribbon binds the back collar and pocket flaps of this casual coat (right) worn by Olivia de Havilland, appearing in "The Adventures of Robin Hood." Kneelength, the plaid coat of beige, brown and natural conceals a crepe shirtmaker frock. A wide band of stitching and a brown suede chin strap distinguish her hat. (Above) Olivia takes Toodles for a walk in a smart print ensemble. The coat of Persian-blue woolen is lined and banded with the fabric of a frock printed in black, red and white on a background of this new Persian blue

Deanna Durbin, charming young singing star of "Mad About Music," sets the style for what the well-dressed "teens" will wear this spring. But she isn't playing favorites. Both plaid and plain will be included in her wardrobe. Her sport coat (below), plaid in white, dark green and brown, is double-breasted with high wide revers and a flared skirt. A heavy brown leather belt accents the fitted waistline. Deanna's navy coat (right), also double-breasted with high revers, is an ideal topcoat for either her school or dressy frocks



Photographs by Ray Jones

PHOTOPLAY'S



Above, Florence gives you an idea of the smart possibilities that the Roxford "Dolphin" holds for you! The unusual flare and curve of its brim, smartly reminiscent of the dolphin's grace, is the clever reason for this Roxford model's name. The crown is in the newest manner. Here's a hat to give the final touch to your spring suits — one that's definitely suited to your spectator sports costumes, too



The charms of "Sailorman" by Roxford are revealed by Florence George. Of imported lattice-braid straw with the new rough and rustic look, this model follows the sailor trend in its own clever way. The turned-down bumper brim is flattering; the grosgrain binding and the color contrast make this a sparkling "Sailorman"



The Byron "Taffrail" (upper left), worn by Florence George, Paramount's new singing find of "College Swing," brings to spring an important and imported new rustic straw in a smart lattice effect. Of the trim sailor trend, with an individual mushroomed brim, "Taffrail" sets a fashion pace throughout spring and summer countrysides

Florence chooses, too, the bold nonchalance of the Byron "Buccaneer." This short-backed Breton of fine felt borrows the sweep-back brim of a fisherman's hat, then adds the sophistication of a grosgrain ribbon binding all around the brim edge and follows through with brief grosgrain streamers. A youthful model in delightful color contrasts

Fashion Club STYLES



Sensing the growing fashion importance of stripes, Rochelle steps out in a striped swagger coat (above) of imported Tawna Mist tweed, with the new squared-off shoulders and a gay boutonniere. Effective in gray or tan stripes.



Kenmar Tweed in bold checks makes Rochelle's box coat definitely eye-catching. Paint-box colors with contrasting velveteen collars and cuffs set off her brunette charm. In black, gray and red; or brown, gold and white checks.



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES
AN ORIGINAL PHOToplay
HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT



Three-piece suits in pastel woolens are favorites for Easter wear. Rochelle Hudson, appearing in the "Little Gypsy," starts spring in a handsome three-piece suit of imported Leeds lacy monotone tweed. The smart zipped-up jacket and Tuxedo coat are trimmed with Trapunto work. In colors good enough to eat; crushed strawberry, peach, aqua, gray, toast, shrimp, tea rose, dawn blue, navy and royal.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOToplay Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 100.

in the palm of your hand

The final article in this series

gives some important answers

BY MATILDA U. TROTTER

NOW, at last, in this, the third and final one of our series, we are ready to take up the lines of your hands. In reading lines be sure to consult both hands and remember that your left hand shows what characteristics you possessed at birth and your destiny at that time, while your right hand shows how you have developed these same characteristics and how you have improved or marred your destiny.

The important and main lines on the hand are: 1. Life. 2. Heart. 3. Head. 4. Fate (line of Saturn). 5. Lines of affection or marriage.

Your life line begins at the side of your hand under your first finger, Jupiter; curves toward the center of your palm and usually ends somewhere near your wrist. If this line runs close to your thumb, forming a narrow, rather flat Mount of Venus, you are a cold person. You care little for the opposite sex and as a consequence have little attraction for them. Marriage does not appeal to you. You prefer solitude to companionship.

However, if your life line curves well out into your palm you are ardent, generous and sympathetic. You attract and are attracted to the opposite sex and you will marry early.

If your life line is deep-cut, and pink in color, you are vital and healthy, and your self-confidence and good health will assist you in attaining your ambitions.

A thin, pale life line belongs to a person who lacks physical endurance. He is apprehensive of the future and of his own ability to face it. Broad shallow life lines belong to persons with very little physical endurance.

When your life line starts as a strong, clear-cut line but fades, it shows a decrease of vitality and health. It may fade for a time and then

(Continued on page 85)

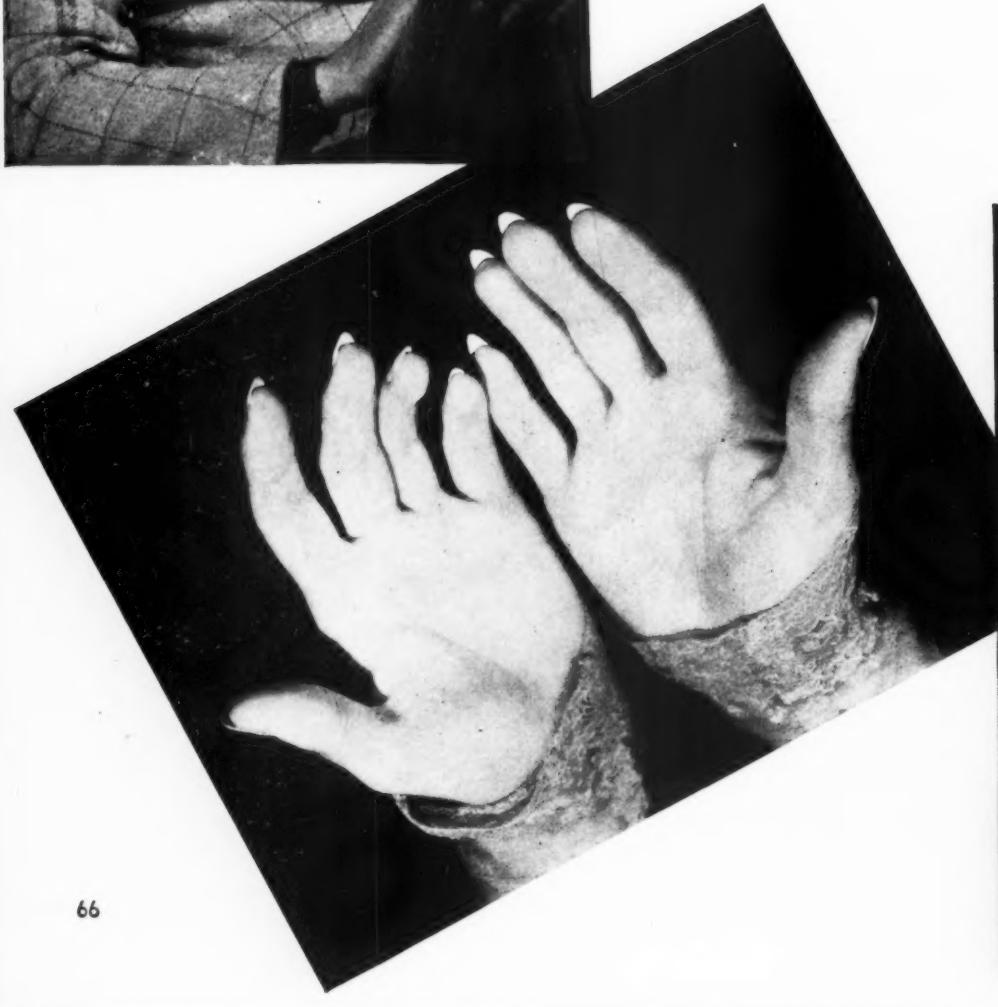


ROBERT TAYLOR:

The example of the unusually wide palm, showing his love of adventure, his restlessness, his absolute need of travel. Conic finger tips make this star a most romantic lover both on and off the screen

JOAN CRAWFORD:

The fact that Miss Crawford's fingers curl inward is the keynote of her personality: she can keep her own counsel, as well as the secrets of others. Few people really get close to her



"I've found LOVE"

says
ANNE
SHIRLEY

"With women, Romance comes first . . . that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and holds it," says this charming young star. "So don't risk Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up during the day, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin smooth, soft, attractive.



• Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil your looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.



• And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics thoroughly with this ACTIVE lather.

STAR OF
RKO-RADIO'S PRODUCTION
"Condemned Women"

• They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and hold it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch. Why don't you protect your skin with this gentle soap?



9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

The Amazing Inside Story of How They Made "Snow White"

(Continued from page 23)

studio gets an idea on the brain it never escapes until it's done. Roughs, layouts, snatches of tunes, bits of business, gags and ideas for effects soon showed up on tablecloths, backs of envelopes, telephone pads and old magazine covers. And "Snow White" was in work, although two years were to pass before ever a foot of film was exposed.

Disney planned to follow the Grimm fairy tale closely, leaving out only some of the more gory Teutonisms. The rights were in the public domain but a play existed. He bought it for protection but used nothing in it. He didn't want anything to constrict the imagination of his studio staff and himself.

DECIDING on the characters was the first and one of the hardest things. How they should look, talk, react, what their personalities should be, their colorings, their mannerisms and peculiarities. Every character in the picture was changed about and recreated a dozen or more times—so often, in fact, that the staff became so sick of the seven dwarfs, that they were going around advising that the amount of time the dwarfs consumed in the picture be cut down at every possible point.

Dopey, for instance, started life as a broad, grotesque clown with a wide mouth, big eyes and an imbecilic expression. He was also old, like the rest of the dwarfs. In the "sweatboxes," as projection-room conferences are known at Disney's, he didn't click. So they made him boyish and appealing. They gave him a small mouth, innocent blue eyes and wind-wing ears. They put oversize hand-me-downs on him. And, of course, he stole the picture.

Grumpy was irritatingly tough and nasty at first. He had to be sweetened up. Doc's hands waved around like Hugh Herbert's too much. He was stealing all the scenes. Sneezy was originally Deefy, a deaf dwarf. Walt Disney decided that wouldn't do; deaf people might take offense. But a sneezer can't be very tragic. Snow White turned up too young; they had to re-do her with enough years to make love convincing. And the wicked Queen—experiments on her lovely cruel mouth and eyes alone represent drawings enough to paper a house.

All the animal actors moved bodily right into the studio, in cages, pens and corrals. Artists carried birds into their offices and studied them. Raccoons strolled around in the sun while their pictures were taken and their movements sketched. Pigeons, deer and rabbits gave up the secrets of their private lives and idiosyncrasies. Even the poor turtle, who took it on the shell all through the picture, ambled between busy ink pots for his portrait sitting. He's still around the lot, by the way. Right now he carries a sign, "Traffic Department," meant to be a sharp dig at the studio messenger service.

WHEN a pretty accurate idea of each character formed in the minds of Walt Disney and his staff, casting started. Casting an animated cartoon is always exasperating, because real personality in a voice is rare stuff, indeed. But in "Snow White" just the right amount of everything had to be uncovered. It was a job extending over a year.

Radio stations were canvassed, voice schools culled, advertisements printed, and hundreds of girls auditioned before Snow White was found. She was the toughest problem of the lot because she had to be sweet but still unreal. Un-

trained, but pleasing. She had to speak and sing both. Deanna Durbin, before she became famous, was tested—and turned down. Her voice, oddly enough, was too fine, too mature.

Finally an unknown girl, Adriana Caselotti, whose father is a well-known Hollywood singing teacher, became Snow White's voice.

The next toughest character to cast was, oddly enough, one who spoke only four lines—the Prince. He was the last one cast, too. Because he was a pretty beautiful young man he had to be balanced by a robust voice. Robert Stockwell, an established radio and screen actor, finally got the nod. The Queen and the witch she changed to were the same person, Lucille LaVerne, the famous stage actress. The magic mirror was Moroni Olsen, and you've seen him a lot in the movies. The dwarfs were mostly old time comedians. Billy Gilbert, of course, was Sneezy—you probably recognized his old act. Eddie Collins, a burlesque comedian, came out

from Los Angeles Main Street shows to suggest some funny walks for the dwarfs.

VOICES in screen animations, naturally, are important, but stand no chance whatever of capitalizing on their breaks, when the picture is a feature. Donald Duck's voice, discovered first on the radio, has a steady job, and Madame Cluck, the operatic hen, and, of course, Walt Disney, who is Mickey's mouthpiece. But, in spite of the terrific success of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," the voices, ironically enough, will find their work no break for better things. Disney's next features, "Pinocchio" and "Bambi," will of necessity have to cast new voices to fit new characters.

Casting voices was tough enough but really a cinch compared to casting sound effects. "Snow White" was jammed with delightful sounds. All had to ring exactly true, which doesn't mean realism. Throughout the whole

picture, everybody had to keep the mood and the fantasy of the picture in mind. Thousands of rings, squeaks, squishes, and sepulchral tones were auditioned before just the right one tickled the fastidious ears of Walt Disney and his lieutenants.

Do you remember that awful squeak in the stillness when the dwarfs push open their front door? It baffled the sound department for days. Their leaders of "squeaks" (Disney's have a regular library of sounds, listed and classified) yielded nothing. One night a sound man's wife asked him to pull open a jammed dresser drawer at home. He yanked and—there was the squeak! He wasted no time; he hauled the dresser down to the studio—and that's exactly what you heard in the picture.

Maybe you remember more clearly the squishes when Grumpy, in his consternation after being kissed by Snow White, tracks out of the mud in which he has fallen. They filled a tub full of the real ooze for that and a man got in and slithered around in his bare feet. They wanted that to be the goods. But when Grumpy played the organ for the swing session with Snow White and the little men, a real organ was decreed too real. How would a dwarf's organ sound? Bottles half filled with water and blown into solved it at long last. They had to be kept in an even temperature, too. If the room got cold or warm, they changed tone and key.

For the hollow wishing-well sequence, which, by the way, was one of the last scenes filmed, though it came at the first of the picture, the echos were recorded, played through a speaker into an empty room and then re-recorded. All that to get the right effect. When the magic mirror spoke, his eerie voice actually traveled through a long tube, then shattered against a marble slab on which lay the microphone.

WALT DISNEY thinks perhaps the greatest achievement of his first feature cartoon was that it made people cry in places. No animated picture has ever done this before. It would not have been possible if Disney could not have caught reality where he wanted it. He realized this long ago. It spurred him to develop an entirely new animation technique.

If you know anything at all about the movies, photographic or drawn, you know the principle is illusion. In "Snow White," for the first time human beings were protagonists. Now animals, elves, dwarfs and such creatures can still remain unbelievable when humanized. But humans have to appear human, act and move that way, because human beings are watching themselves. And here is a funny thing: humans are immeasurably harder to animate. Their movements are too slow and deliberate. Animals move swiftly, nervously. Disney tried in a thousand ways to iron out the "jitters" of the Queen, Snow White, the Prince, the Witch and the Huntsman. The Queen especially was a headache. She had to be regally beautiful, with confined but graceful movements. The variation in the sharpness of a pencil's point, however, would make her wiggle!

To compensate for the faults he couldn't correct, Walt Disney developed totally new reality effects for "Snow White." One important one was depth.

Most animations are flat; that is, they have but two dimensions. But in "Snow (Continued on page 70)

HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE of "IN OLD CHICAGO"



Cameramen almost outnumbered the spectators at the brilliant opening of Darryl Zanuck's thriller, with our Hymie Fink (top left) in the front rank. He caught Tony Martin (above) saying "Howdy folks" after Alice Faye had had her turn. Also Marjorie Weaver, all smiles, accompanied by her mother (right).

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Women's Skin!

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*"A cleansing cream that
also nourishes the skin
is a great achievement"*

MRS. ARTHUR RICHARDSON



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

(left) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera. (below) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

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THE NEW CREAM!**
TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

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MOTHPROOFED WITH

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FAMOUS STAR...
NOW IN THE COLUMBIA PICTURE
"NO TIME TO MARRY"

White," in thirty per cent of the scenes, you see back "into" the picture. You see the characters pass behind objects and through them. Clouds, steam, wind and rain dim them. Distant hills actually seem distant. All that was no accident. The multiplane camera did it.

The Disney studio developed the multiplane camera at a cost of \$70,000, and countless tedious months of experimentation. Briefly, it divided the picture up into a series of planes. These were placed on transparent glass plates and lined up in order, one back of the other, then photographed. For instance, in say, the scene where Snow White and the animals go through the woods. On one glass plate in back would be the far sky and hills. On the next the middle ground. Then Snow White and the animals. And, in the foreground, the big dark trees. The camera, shooting through this row of plates—transparent except where the images and scenery were painted, and each one smaller from front to back, with the front images moving faster—gave a perfect illusion of depth. Some scenes used as many as six planes.

WALT DISNEY cast his animators like an ordinary studio casts actors. Some of his artists were better on animals, others on human beings, still others on effects. For "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" he established a new department of twenty-five men who did nothing but work on rain, wind, lightning, sun flashes, boiling soup and such. Color itself was even animated.

You must have been struck by the radiance of the diamonds, rubies and emeralds in the dwarfs' mine. Or the blinding flash on the Huntsman's knife as he was about to slay Snow White, the very real wetness of the pouring rain, the fog, the unearthly sheen of the poisoned apple.

The bright highlights finally were achieved by special paints and an "air brush" which is actually a miniature paint spray gun. It leaves no definite edges, and therefore an effect of brilliance. The shiny apple and its creation is the supreme example of Disney's triumphs in this direction. Color was so animated in this scene that it actually showed the poison boiling into the color-changing fruit in the cauldron!

Most of the paints used in the picture were opaque, pastel paints. But to gain just the right effects Disney's laboratory developed paints that looked like satin (the Queen's collar), paints that were as velvet as velvet itself (the Queen's robe), linen-effect paints (Snow White's skirt), and homespun (the dwarf's jerkins). They developed paints that wouldn't crack and chip, streak or bleed, that wouldn't fade quickly, that would cling to celluloid indefinitely. For some of the paintings had to be held for months. They mixed transparent paints (the bubble effects) and shiny, iridescent paints.

Shadows gave Disney's artists the greatest trouble of anything. The picture was full of shadows. Shadows from the candles of the dwarfs, from the lanterns, from the sun. Each had to be plotted realistically, not only as to perspective and form but also as to actual direction. The shadow of the Huntsman, for example, when he bent over Snow White had to be charted as of three o'clock in the afternoon. Not one person in a thousand could tell where it should be—but if it were off they'd know! Special superimposed drawings by Disney's shadow gang alone would stack up as high as a house.

The hardest sequence in the whole film, however, was where the wicked Queen changes into the Witch. Walt Disney insisted on not just showing her

(Continued from page 68)

change (mere child's play in ordinary animation) but how she felt as she changed! Every trick and effect developed for "Snow White" went into this scene. Whirling backgrounds, wind, highlights, animated color, glare, bubbles, and color mood. It is the real masterpiece of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" from a technical standpoint, and it represents the labor of years.

But if the intricacies of advanced animation make your brain whirl—consider what the musicians had to worry about. The background music for "Snow White" will probably not draw as many "Ohs and ahs"—but it had plenty to do with the general effect on you.

THE whole picture, in fact, whether you know it or not, was one big rhythm. It was actually broken down into musical beats and accents. Wherever there was an accented action, there was an accented beat. Furthermore, each bar of music was fitted to each incident on the scene. If a tear fell, the music had to sound like a tear falling.

Each dwarf had his own little musical figuration worked into the music when he took the center of the attention. A little syncopated construction that went off-beat and etched Dopey or Doc or Grumpy on your consciousness, in collaboration with the camera. Maybe you thought you were catching Dopey out of the corner of your eye when the gong lit on his head and he ankled off the scene in that unforgettable Chinese burlesque. But the camera was moved down on that, unnoticed by you, and so was the music.

ALL the songs were written three years ago. They weren't composed with an eye to commercial release, although orchestras everywhere are now arranging and playing them. They were built for the picture, and each one had to carry along the action and plot. Twenty-five complete songs were written. Most of them were thrown away. Those that remained, of course, speak for themselves.

Walt Disney's studio worked so closely together in making "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" that it is impossible for any one person to take bows for any one part of the picture—even Walt himself. In fact, he would be the first to rebel at the number of

credits given him in this article. He would change the "he's" to "we's."

That is because of the constant cooperation of hundreds of workers necessary to make a masterpiece of this type. Everybody in his studio had a hand in the picture. Everybody kidded freely, criticised, offered suggestions. His writers were also artists, animators, lyricists. His animators were actors, directors, and gag men. His musicians were scenarists as well. And vice versa.

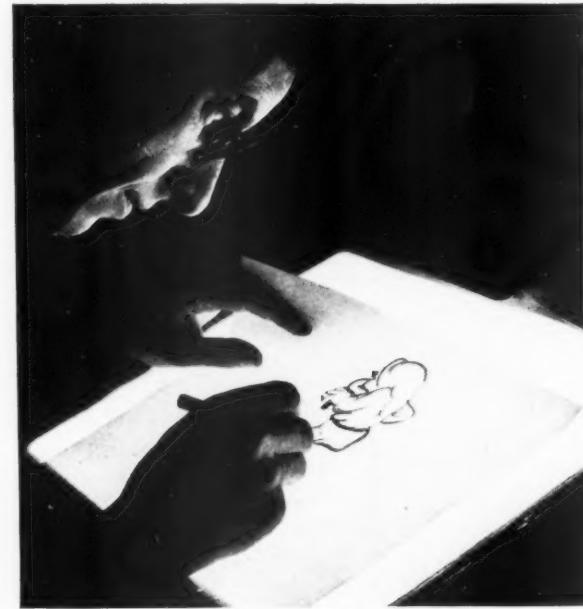
When Dopey played the drums in the dwarf hut hijinks, he played them because a fly was after him. A writer had to think up that routine, an artist illustrate it, an animator make it move, a musician score it, and sound men record the taps. And somebody had to say whether it turned out all right. That's where Walt Disney came in.

He held the "sweatboxes" that made the decisions after every scene from rough layout to finished film. He took the responsibilities. He guided the work. A lot more than just experimental shots and drawings went into the wastebasket. Two long completed sequences, one where the dwarfs have a soup concert and another where they build a bed to give to Snow White, were reluctantly snipped out to save running time. One night, 2,000 feet went at one whack. Disney had to order it, and it hurt him a lot more than it did you.

But to this mild-mannered, pleasant, unassuming thirty-six-year-old fellow who still buys his suits ready-made and is "Walt" to the errand boys at his studio, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is only the beginning of screen animation's promise. Already he's working on a hundred new ideas and refinements for his next features, "Pinocchio" and "Bambi." A criticism after the preview in a local newspaper saying he should stick to his animals didn't make him mad, but it made him resolve to iron out the "jitters" in his people next time. Even if he has to draw them six feet high and reduce them down.

Right after that same preview a little kid snagged his arm and asked for his autograph. As Walt Disney scribbled it out, the kid said, "Well, Walt, I guess you're made now—huh?"

Walt Disney grinned. And not because he considered himself "made" long ago. But because he still didn't.



Thousands of preliminary sketches were drawn and redrawn—a few to survive, most to be discarded

Virginia Bruce
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his own mate and married her with his usual quiet determination. His selection couldn't have been wiser. Veronica Balfe (Mrs. Gary Cooper) has beauty, brains and breeding—a combination hard to beat.

And I sometimes think that it takes a terrific amount of good sense and character to marry the right woman in Hollywood.

Gary hasn't, for some reason, been billed as a great lover—for which I'm sure he is profoundly grateful. But when you stop to consider that he was the object of the affections of the three most hectic and overpowering bundles of feminine dynamite Hollywood has ever known and that he came through it all unscathed, you have the measure of the man. I refer, of course, to Clara Bow, Lupe Velez and Dorothy, Countess di Frasso. At that, I am leaving out another high-powered siren, Evelyn Brent. At one time or another, Gary Cooper was supposed to be about to marry all these ladies—and if you will think for a moment, you will see what a hurricane of emotional experience must have been his. I don't think Valentino, Gable or Taylor ever came anywhere near that record.

It wouldn't be just to say that Gary was the pursued in all these cases. But I think we may go so far as to say he was selected—or elected—if you prefer. But he is a great guy for a graceful exit.

When Gary first crashed upon the feminine consciousness of Hollywood some ten years ago, the ladies found him elusive. Nobody knew him; he went nowhere. A famous screen star, a friend of mine who had never failed to get her man, wanted to meet him. So she said to me, "You know Gary Cooper, don't you? For goodness sake have him for dinner or something."

I asked him and, somewhat to my surprise, he came. (We got along very well because I could ride a horse before I could walk, too. If you ever meet Mr. Cooper you can count upon it that the one sure way to turn his silence into a conversation piece is horses—with big-game hunting running a close second.) Well, anyway, he came to dinner and the glamour girl turned on the works. Halfway through the evening she remarked prettily that she had let her car go home and would Mr. Cooper drive her? Mr. Cooper said he would. But when the time came, Gary was mysteriously missing. Next day the star and I both got flowers to cover his retreat—with a little note explaining that his car wasn't very trustworthy and he was afraid it might break down on the way. Knowing Gary better now, I suspect a bit of humor in that fear of a breakdown.

BUT the lines of retreat weren't always open.

When I am told that today Gary Cooper, on the Paramount lot, is being directed by the supercritical Ernst Lubitsch and doing a highly satisfactory job of comedy in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," I get practically hysterical because it reminds me of a picture made by Mr. Cooper on that same lot eleven years ago, a picture entitled "Children of Divorce."

For, believe me, there were plenty of times when it didn't look as though he'd be in that picture long. Plenty of times during the shooting of "Children of Divorce," the career of one Mr. Gary Cooper almost ended. In fact, I hope Mr. Cooper realizes that but for a motion-picture director named Frank

Gary, the Great

(Continued from page 19)

Lloyd—the man who gave us "Cavalcade," "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Wells Fargo"—he would probably be singing "Home on the Range" to a herd of cattle right now.

There may conceivably have been worse actors than Gary Cooper was when, after a bit in a Western, he was cast by Paramount opposite Clara Bow, then at the height of her "It" powers; but I doubt it. He was cast because, as usual, Hollywood was going through a shortage of leading men and he had looked like a possibility in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," where, incidentally, there were plenty of horses and lots of space.

BUT when he got on the set in a real part, he turned out to be—not a bad actor, just not an actor at all. It wasn't a question as to whether he would give a good performance or a bad one. It was a question as to whether he would give a performance at all. He became actually paralyzed with self-consciousness and froze up so tight it took hours to thaw him back to movement. He didn't know what to do with his hands or his feet. He was about as comfortable in his elegant new clothes as a man in a hair shirt. And a look of perspiring, blushing, unbearable agony came over his face when the tenderer scenes were even mentioned.

On top of that, the redheaded Bow gal, who was a born actress and never had to worry, fell in love with him the second day out on the production—and having Clara Bow fall in love with you was something that took all an able-bodied man's time. I remember once she decided to root for the U. S. C. football team and they never won another game all season. (I hope Clara will forgive this slight excursion into her past, now that she is a happy wife and mother. She knows I think she's tops as a person and that I think one of the screen's great losses was when somebody discovered her sex appeal and so capitalized on it that we never realized she was one of the great dramatic actresses of all times.)

It was nip and tuck in those days about Gary. Odd to think now how close he came to having his whole career called off half a dozen times. The powers-that-be stormed and yelled to take him out of the picture, but Frank Lloyd set his jaw and said, "No." Frank was sure Gary had all the things he has since proved he had. A less sympathetic, patient and hard-working director would have acknowledged defeat and Gary would have done what he threatened to do daily—go home.

I sometimes wonder if we appreciate the enormous improvement in a star like Gary Cooper over the eleven years since he entered pictures. Mr. Cooper got it the hard way. That's why it's so sure now. It's built upon the rock of work, character, integrity and real effort and thought. Gary has learned a great deal about life. It's been forced upon him. Many men, with less sense of humor, strength and proportion, have cracked up under his experiences and never come back. Gary cracked once—but he came back.

HERE was a time when Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were "that way" about each other. All I can say is that when Lupe is that way or any way about anyone or anything she is more that way than any other woman I've ever known. Volcanic is the word for Lupe. Her domestic relations with Johnny

Weissmuller have become historic. And Johnny is a long-distance Olympic swimmer. Gary was only a cowboy. Also, he consumes his own smoke.

One thing about Lupe that is missed in reports of her wild doings is that she is one of the funniest women who ever lived. She keeps you in a gale of laughter from morning until night.

Not discounting her feminine appeal—which is almost too obvious—I think it was this gift for the amusing which kept Gary from exiting sooner. She amused him more than anyone he knew. I used to watch them when they were at Malibu visiting me or some other friend and Gary was doubled up in silent laughter most of the time. When he wasn't, he went to sleep on the sand and Lupe sat and admired him, waiting impatiently for him to wake up. Her explosions tickled him.

But in the end she wore him out. He consumed, in Lupe's case, so much of his own smoke that between that and overwork—his ambition had awakened and when it came to acting, Gary had to work hard—he had a breakdown. I always thought of it rather as a case of mental and spiritual indigestion. Too much Hollywood taken in too large doses. It hits different men in different ways—and in those days the doses were rawer than they are now. In Gary's case it brought about a collapse of complete inertia.

HE went to Europe—the idea being to get as far away from Hollywood as he could. A very wise exit; in fact, an absolutely essential one.

In Europe he met Dorothy di Frasso. And he learned about women from her.

The Countess di Frasso hasn't yet made a motion picture. But she is as well known in Hollywood and by those interested in Hollywood as most screen stars. She is called Hollywood's social dictator and the Elsa Maxwell of the film capital. To be asked to her parties is the social ambition of Hollywood screen stars. She is the intimate friend of the great names of filmdom.

Her influence in the life of Gary Cooper was potent and decisive. In many ways, it was the turning point in his career.

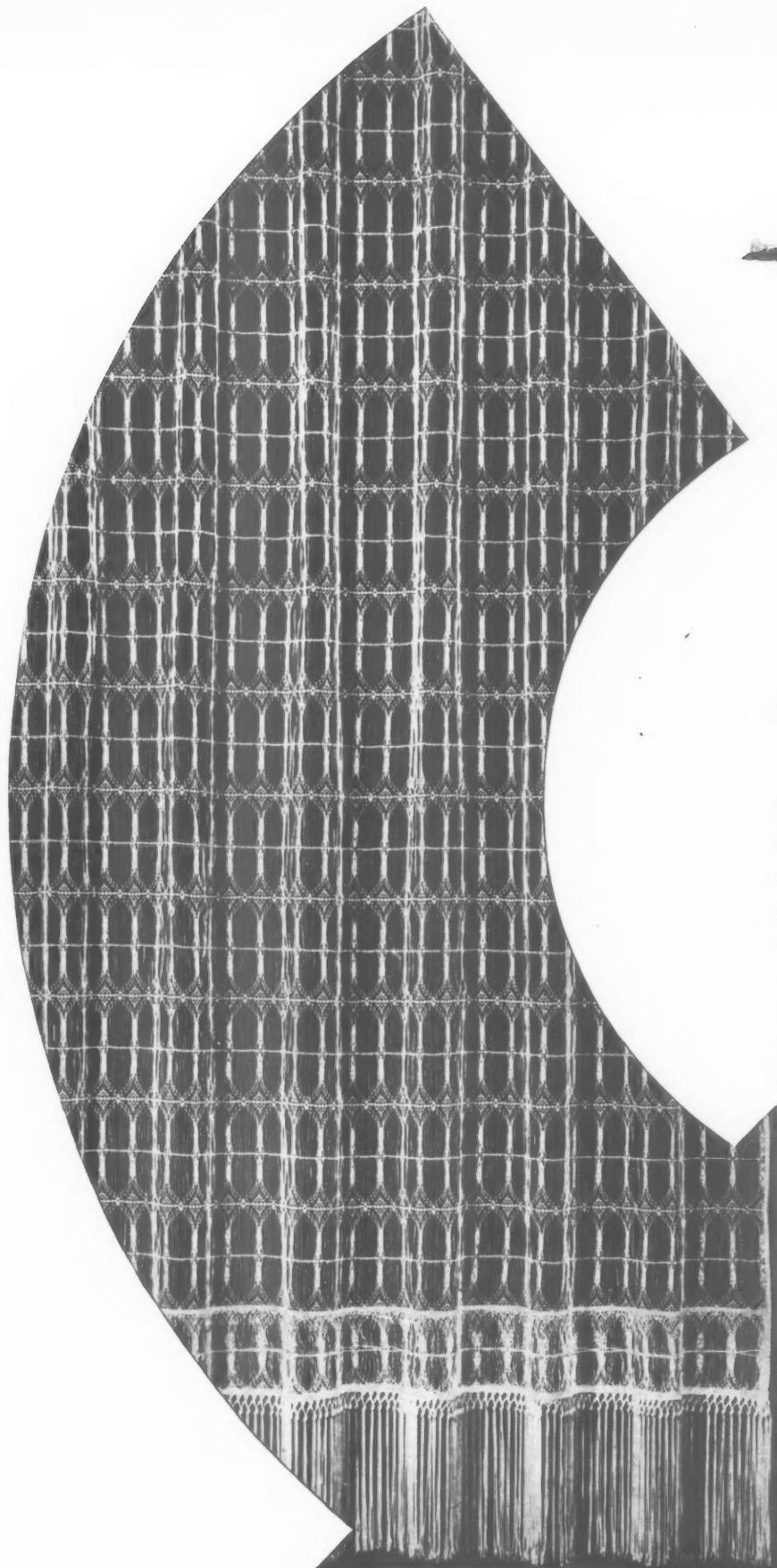
The ladies from whom Gary had learned about life, up until this time, had taught him a good deal emotionally but not much socially or intellectually. He had seen a good deal of life in the raw, a lot of it under the hothouse lights of Hollywood, but very little of it dressed up in its best.

Dorothy di Frasso showed him a new world. She was rich, well-born, moved in the most exclusive circles in Europe and America. She, herself, was brilliant and altogether fascinating. When she found Gary Cooper, alone and sick and homesick, in Rome, she took him to her famous villa, saved his life first, opened doors to him afterwards.

He had ridden horses on the range since, practically, the day of his birth. Now he rode with the Italian cavalry, the most dashing horsemen in Europe. He had hunted bear in the Rockies—now he learned about big-game hunting in Africa.

He met, for the first time, an older civilization, European men and women, and saw the way those people lived. He talked to them and it broadened him and smoothed off the rough corners. It added something to his personality, without in the least changing him. He kept his sense of humor and his sense of proportion.

(Continued on page 74)



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Send for Book of Curtain Problems and Correct Solutions

More than 50 photographs of actual window problems and their correct solutions, as found in typical American homes. Send 10 cents to Dept. H48, Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Ave., New York.



(Continued from page 72)

HOW MANY GOOD NIGHT KISSES DOES A GOOD WIFE MISS?



Often a wife who thinks she's dainty lets underarm odor spoil her charm!

Her husband loves her, of course. And she'd be so happy—except for one little thing. Often there's a feeling in her heart that he neglects her. She does so miss the good night kisses every good wife wants!

How shocked she would be to know it's her own fault! Yet any woman should realize it takes more than a bath to keep underarms fresh and sweet.

When a woman is wise about daintiness, she uses Mum every day, and after every bath. For Mum prevents perspiration odor before that odor starts.

A bath can only take care of odor that is past. Mum prevents odor to come!

You'll find so many things to like about Mum!... **QUICK**—because in half a minute it protects you all day. **HARMLESS**—because you can use it even after you've dressed. Mum won't injure fabrics!... **SAFE**—because it does not stop healthful perspiration. Use Mum after underarm shaving, and notice its soothing touch!... **SURE**—because Mum's protection lasts through the busiest day!

No woman who prizes happiness wants to risk underarm odor. To protect daintiness—to feel sure you're always safe, use Mum!

— JUST HALF A MINUTE—AND YOU'RE PROTECTED ALL DAY —



For Sanitary Napkins
No worries—no embarrassment—when you use Mum this way, too! Thousands of women have found Mum gentle, safe, and **SURE**.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

tion and came back to Hollywood a great deal surer of himself and of what he wanted.

Soon after his return, Dorothy di Frasso paid her first visit to Hollywood as Mary Pickford's guest and fell in love with the place and stayed there. She and Gary were inseparable friends and that is a privilege for which any young man may well be grateful. She taught him a great deal about living; she stimulated his interest in things outside pictures and sports; she taught him to use his fine mind for culture as well as for his profession and his business. It gave him the personality the richness and polish it needed, and I don't think he'd be where he is today without the influence of that romantic friendship.

Then he met Veronica Balfe and fell in love all by himself for the first time. He ceased, as it were, to be a spectator in his own love dramas and became a vital part of them.

The first time I ever saw Veronica Balfe was in the commissary on the RKO lot where I was working at the time. She was making a picture under the screen name of Sandra Shaw, playing a small part, and I'd never heard of her. My impression was of something so lovely and fresh and clean-cut that I wanted to know right away who she was. I was told that her real name was Veronica Balfe, that her family was socially prominent and very ritzy, that she was a Park Avenue debutante who was trying her hand at pictures.

HERE has always been something—it's a little difficult to explain—but something that is the very height of romance and beauty in the love and marriage of Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe.

Here was a young man who had been violently loved by a number of dynamic, brilliant, and very famous women. He was very young when he first came to Hollywood and, like other young men, he had had his experiences and they had been in the nth degree of drama and excitement and sex. He had probably had a swell time—who wouldn't? But he had never gone overboard—he had, it seemed, been waiting for something, for someone. He'd never made any moves himself nor lost himself, in spite of the glamour of girls about whom many men had gone quite mad.

Then, suddenly, he met a girl—a young girl, inexperienced, idealistic. He made his own decision right then and there and married her just as quickly as he could. Just as quickly as she would.

It was always Gary's idea, I know, to marry a wife who wasn't professional. And Veronica Balfe's days as Sandra Shaw were limited. Her desire to try movies hadn't ever been very serious. She was perfectly willing to follow Gary's desires and be just—Mrs. Gary Cooper. It is, by the way, a full-time job to be the wife of a busy and popular screen star, particularly if he has old-fashioned ideas about home, home life, marriage and children, which Gary has and always has had.

HERE isn't anything more revealing about the Gary Cooper of today than his attitude toward his new daughter, Maria Veronica Balfe Cooper, who hasn't yet had her first birthday. He's absolutely crazy about the baby. His reactions to his first child are perfectly normal—he thinks she's a miracle baby; he tiptoes to work in the morning for fear of disturbing her; he has helped to bathe her and dripped perspiration in the process. Feeding time, bathing time, and all those things have become the pivot around which the Cooper

household revolves, exactly as they have done in your household and mine.

But Gary, in his usual fashion, has instantly perceived the crucial point of the whole experience. He wanted a baby. He'd like more—like a son. Fatherhood has been a thrill. And, as he says, it has changed his whole life. It must change anyone's life; but so few people realize it immediately.

"Before the baby came," he said, quietly, "it seemed hard to believe that somebody was coming along, walking right into the picture where there hadn't been anybody before. Pretty soon there would be somebody else in our lives, from I didn't know where."

More than that, young Mr. Cooper has ideas (he always has ideas; because he talks so little, he has a lot more time to think than most of us) about bringing up a girl child in these times.

"That youngster," said Gary Cooper, "is not going to have just dresses and dolls. Maria's going to be an all-around girl. She's going to see life from every angle. She's going to have athletics, an education, friends and solitude."

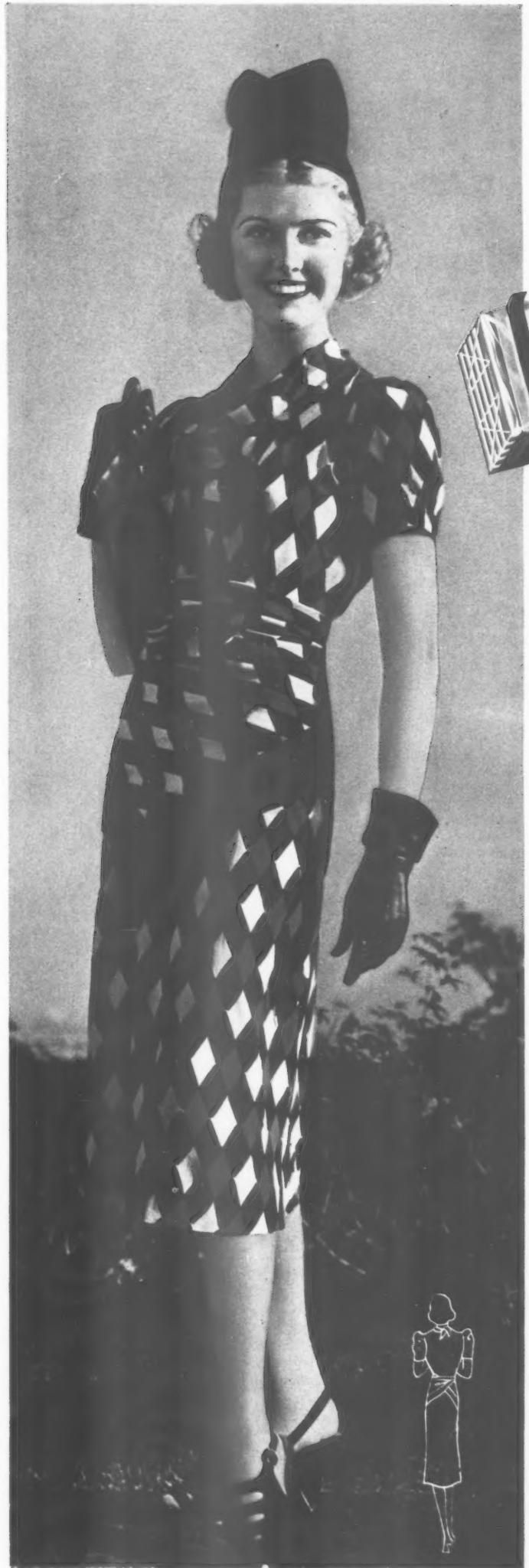
Now I give you my word that I do not think there is another man living in Hollywood who would have included that word solitude. I doubt extremely if there is anybody in Hollywood besides Gary Cooper who remembers there is such a word or what it means. But it is still part of Gary Cooper's life blood, part of the real man. He needs—wants—at times must have—solitude. And it has always seemed to me that next to tolerance and courage, solitude and a love of solitude were the most important things a man could have.

"THE first thing any child should learn is democracy," continued Gary. "He or she should find out about the golden rule. That should come as a first impression." (Can't you just hear him say it.) "The youngster should know she isn't elected to be a big shot and that other people are human beings, too. I know spoiled brats who by accident of birth have been born into money. If the parents haven't been careful those youngsters have an idea that they've been personally responsible for their good fortune. I've known youngsters like that—they don't go places. A youngster has to know not only how to get along with people, but how to get along without them."

So, on vacations, Maria Cooper will go back to the ranches that her father knew in his boyhood—and she's really to see nature—to see fields and streams and mountains—and to love them.

All that's extremely important for Maria Cooper. But it's also important as an indication of how, underneath, the eleven years since he started in Hollywood, have left the essential Gary Cooper unchanged. Hollywood changes almost everyone; enormous success changes everyone; flattery and public applause changes them—sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. Hollywood has improved Gary. But it doesn't seem to me that the clear, natural strength, the man within Gary Cooper, have altered a bit.

And I have just found out, in writing this story, why he's my favorite screen star. My first great love was "The Virginian"—that classic American novel by Owen Wister which every American boy and girl and man and woman should read. I read it at about eleven, I think, and conceived a great love for its hero. In some way, I find, Gary Cooper is identified, in my mind, as the personification of the way I imagined that tall, dark, humorous, shy and courageous son of the great days of the West. Well, doggone it, he is—really.



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Roses and a veil top Joan Crawford's bonnet, while rear streamers emerge to form a front yolk



Fashion Letter

Spring's in the air, and with it are exciting whispers from Hollywood of new styles for the Easter parade

BY GWENN WALTERS

HAVE you always yearned for an Easter bonnet with flowers and ribbons and wisps of veiling? Well, this is your year of realization, for Hollywood dictates that such chapeaux will top the fashion parade on Easter morning!

Millinery styles are more captivating than ever before, and are in such variety that your "dream hat" is surely included among them. The sailor, always a spring favorite, appears this season with shallow crown and narrow brim. It is gloriously trimmed with clusters or crown bands of posies and bits of velvet ribbon, or its brim is edged with veiling tied in back with a fairylike bow. All modifications of the beret, styled in fabric or straw, are veiled with new importance. The toque (with or without front brim) and pillbox serve as color or contrast backgrounds for floral trims of violets, carnations or roses which peek from beneath gossamer veils. The sailor is usually dark with colorful trim, the beret is newest in pastel hue darkly veiled, while the toque and pillbox have

plucked their exquisite colorings from the tints of Easter flowers.

Irene Dunne's Easter hat is of horizon-blue straw and was designed for her by Edward Stevenson who created her wardrobe for "The Joy of Loving." A pancake beret, it juts out over the right eye and is tied around the brim edge with a fine mesh black veil spotted occasionally with matching chenille dots.

Stevenson also designed an Easter hat for Joan Fontaine who is appearing in "Certified." To set off her blonde beauty, he styled a navy straw sailor with a front cluster of pink carnations and an under-brim of matching straw.

AFTER Stevenson had showed me these two lovely hats we fell into a discussion of trends.

The first news is that we are going to veer away from the pencil silhouette. Skirts, which will remain about the same in length, will have gored or pleated fullness. Blouses will have high necklines with neatly squared shoulders and plain sleeves.

Stevenson sponsors the short, collarless, boxy coat with extended, neatly padded shoulders.

Suits are his hobby. He likes dressmaker suit costumes styled in two or three color combinations, and always in two contrasting fabrics.

For the basic costumes around which to build a spring wardrobe, Stevenson first suggested a coat—a fitted one of deep sand-colored woolen, collarless, with broad shoulders and slight hemline flare. This coat could be used to top either plain dark frocks left from winter, or a brand-new print of a colorful, but small motif.

If two coats can be included in your budget, plan the other one in bright red, Kelly green, gourd yellow or dusty pink. This coat should be boxy, broad-shouldered, and of wrist-length, with three-quarter sleeves.

As a second frock, Stevenson advises a navy sheer woolen with matching short bolero lined in white piqué.

NOW I must hurry on to tell you of interesting clothes in forthcoming productions.

Irene of Bullocks Wilshire is creating the wardrobe for Ginger Rogers to wear in "Vivacious Lady."

She has done a contrast woolen suit for her in the spring mood. It has a beige skirt, a beige and rust plaid jacket with zipper closing and flap pockets. The Chesterfield topcoat (designed to be placed casually over the shoulders and not worn with arms in the sleeves) is of the jacket fabric with rust crepe lining to match the plaid stripe and cashmere sweater.

To continue the "suit story," Royer, on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, is busy costuming Simone Simon for "Josette." Her suit is of grey flannel. The slim skirt has a front panel that has a slit beneath. The wrist-length, box coat covers a short-sleeved vest of white piqué which matches wide coat revers that are quilted in grey thread in a daisy motif (and then puffed so that the flowers stand out in relief).

Next month I'll write about the planning of wardrobes for your summer vacation.

I'll close now with best wishes for a happy Easter holiday—and a smart Easter parade!

"It's a Stroke of Genius, Joléne,"
 Says **ANDREA LEEDS**
Featured in
THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES
in Technicolor

**Styling Jolene Shoes in Hollywood
 Wins Approval of Movie Colony**

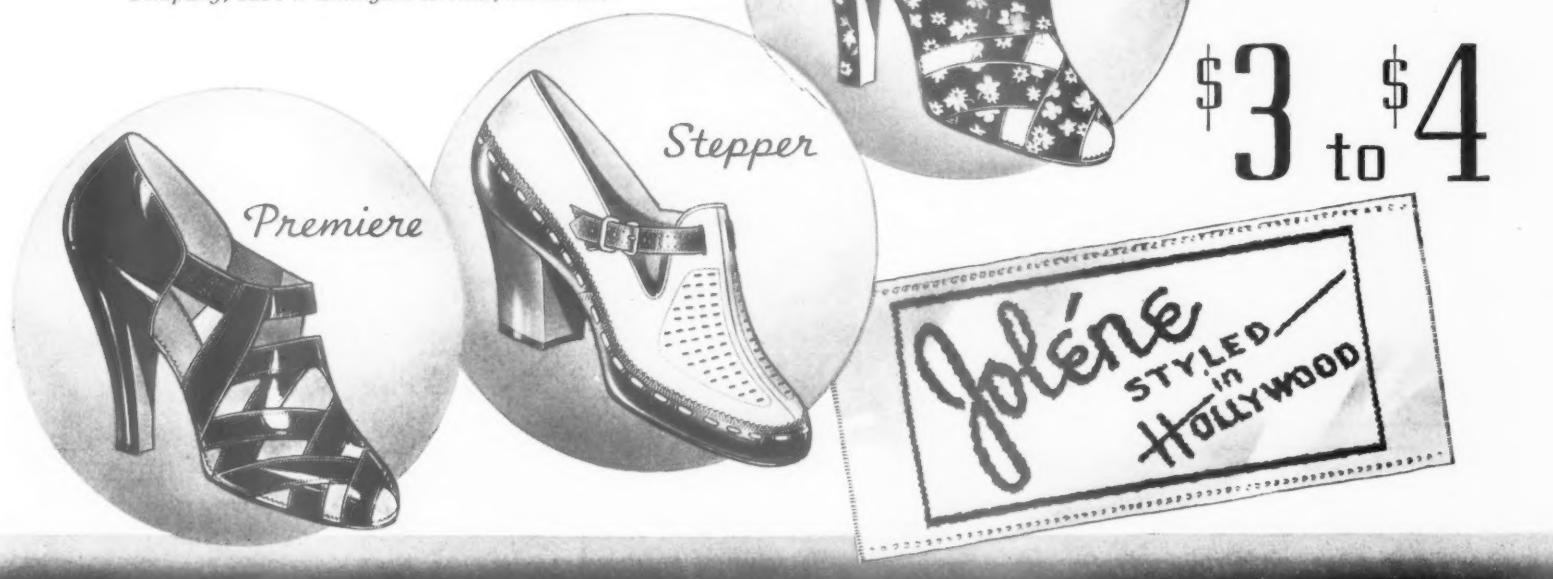
"Well-dressed women owe you a debt of gratitude," adds Andrea Leeds, lending her voice to the many congratulations which praise the initiative of Jolene, famous fashion observer of the film capital.

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Loretta Young looks charming as ever in this white-ground floral print with Johnny collar, shirtwaist blouse, Vionnet sleeves and stool skirt. Sizes 12 to 20, Violet, Rose and Blue Flowers. Style No. 46.

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quietly. And then she was silent.

He got up abruptly and went to the window, turning his face from her. "Please," he begged. "You don't understand. I—maybe I'm a fool. Maybe I'm too young to know any better. I don't know what I want but you must realize I've got to work it out by myself."

"I've faith in you."

His fingers tightened on the window sill. "That's the trouble. I don't deserve it."

"You'll work this summer?"

"Yes. Anything. But I'm fed up with school."

Barbara opened the door, and then turned again. "Things will come out for you," she nodded, smiling. "It's because you're growing up now and that is always hard. You—haven't forgotten the Church, Dom?"

He said nothing, although when she had gone he knelt by the window for a measureless while, with his eyes closed. But this time, in his prayer, he made no promises.

In July, he quit his job as a messenger boy for the Simmons spring factory. It paid little and somehow the minor duties intrusted to him made him careless, impatient; they were, basically, beneath the dignity of his vital intelligence. The Nash Company put him on their assembly line and that was better—the relentless demands of moving belts, the harsh tintinnabulation of the high cavernous shop that sounded always in his ears, the endless repetition of four precise movements left him neither the time nor the ability for thought, so that mentally he was husk dry. Emotionally, more than ever, he was mercurial.

By the time autumn came in he had forgotten why, three months ago, he had felt spiritually unwashed, why he had hated with so intense a hatred the idea of college and all it represented. Wisconsin University, unaccountably, replied to his query that it would accept him. He went there, still a little puzzled at the break, in September; because he knew no one, he worked soberly for three weeks, until the student body excitedly discovered him. That was inevitable but unfortunate: the P. A. D.'s, a law fraternity, pledged him forthwith and he moved to the house. After all, he had to live somewhere, and the P. A. D.'s had a playroom in the basement.

Things were different this year, though. In his mind was the subtle understanding, unworded but implanted, that before the term was out something was going to happen—something that would shape a destiny for him, something that would coat with significance the past years and explain the present and make concrete the future. This was his faith. He didn't know what it would be, nor when, nor how, but somehow it would happen.

When it did, in midwinter, he was ironically unaware. He almost let it slip past; he almost pleaded another engagement when his roommate, one afternoon, suggested they go downtown and try out for a part in "The Devil's

Happy Hellion

(Continued from page 31)

Disciple," a show the Wisconsin Players were producing. "Nuts," Don said.

But he went. The detective story he was reading was stupid and there was a brisk, head-clearing wind outside. In the empty theater he sat amused, listening to the roommate go earnestly through the motions of the part, recite the lines solemnly with overemphasis. Wrong, he thought; all wrong. I could do better than that.

Later the director, his hand still on the crestfallen roommate's shoulder, said to Don, "Want to try? That's why you came down, isn't it?"

"Well—okay," Don said; he shoved his outrageous hat insufferably further over one eye, took the script. "What can I lose?" Cocky with his twenty years he ran through the rôle casually, lazily, without effort.

"You didn't try," his friend said afterward, accusingly.

The director came up. "You sensed that character perfectly. It's a conceited, bullying, what-the-hell kind of character and no one else has been able to do it. Can you come to rehearsal tomorrow?"

"Conceited, bullying, what-the-hell—" "No," Don told him shortly. "First-year students aren't allowed to do extracurricular things like this."

"It's the lead. And it pays. Think it over, kid."

"Sure," the roommate said excitedly. "We'll get you a dispensation or something. You were terrific."

THE next years caught Dominic Felix Ameche up and carried him bumping along, lifting him to heights, lowering him suddenly with sick elevator swoops, raining on him, nevertheless, their store of brightest glamour and their heartiest laughter and their highest exaltation. Luck rode lightly on his shoulders.

Luck maneuvered the second lead of

gift of money had dwindled to an infirm ten dollar bill.

They did not drink tea. It was a murmuring, dimly lit room with an orchestra camouflaged by potted trees, with smart people in groups sipping creamed and pink potions from lacquer cups: a guarded room, a discreet room.

"I am working," said the friend from Marquette over his fourth Bacardi, "in a play that is going to flop unless it gets a new butler. Wors' butler ever saw in m' life. Stinks—and he's got a big hunk of every scene, too."

"How much does the part pay?" Don asked.

"Sixty bucks."

"You got a new butler." Don dropped the ten dollar bill on the table. "Come on, take me over there."

As they waited for their taxi a newsboy came up. "Extra, Mister!" the child screeched hoarsely. "Alla bout the stock market!"

Don reached out and then shrugged, grinning. "Sorry," he said. "I haven't got the nickel."

1930 . . . Standing crushed, breathless, blinking in the swaying human herd filling Times Square, deafened with the hysterical noise of New Year's Eve Don thought: *I am twenty-two this year, and my life is upon me, and I have lost my hat. No, I won't go with your dopey show on the road, I can get better than that here in town—Producers' offices, and For the love of Heaven boy don't you know there's a depression? and No and Sorry and Next Week; and "Dom, dear, Poppa has tried so hard but things aren't so good with us. He worried about the law too long. Here is five dollars that I saved. It's the best I can do." How much to wire five bucks back to Milwaukee? And if I eat two apples and a can of beans and then go for a walk and then take in that dime show I will last the day . . . The winter ending, and You Who Are All-Merciful, please—and the agent's letter, saying that if he would consider a rôle in Chicago, at \$150 a week. . . .*

And Chicago.

THERE was a line of blue grease paint under his thumbnail and as he sat, pleasantly tired, in his dressing room backstage Don dug automatically with a nail file and let his mind fall backward through the years. He remembered being at Columbia, and the long uninvolved months of living, and

Honore—blonde and assured, waiting on the porch in the lazy hot twilight—and football practice, and the first drink out of somebody's flask he ever had, and Nora's low voice saying one night: "In all the books I read, you're the hero." Unconsciously he had begun to whistle "Blue Skies," and now, just outside the door, a whistle in harmony with his caught up the air and carried it on.

—all of them gone, Nothing but Blue skies—

He had wrenched open the door in the next second and was holding Nora in his arms, shouting wildly. "Well!" She gasped, when he had let her go. "Was that a flattering welcome!" She

(Continued on page 80)

**"I love that 'come hither' look
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*STAR OF THE NEW
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Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say—we ought to keep Beeman's on hand *all* the time!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

pushed her hat back onto her head and gestured at the two men standing behind her. "Father Sheehy and I ran into Mark, here, as we were coming up the stairs. You remember."

"Oh, golly," Don said.

Later, over the table of a little inn on the shore road, Father Sheehy said carefully, "That is not a very good play you're with, that 'Illegal Practice,' Domincic."

"It's what I've been smelling lately in Dubuque," Nora said. "Whew!"

Don laughed. "Relax. It'll have rotated away to nothing by next week. We're closing then, anyway. Dance, Nora?"

He tangoed her across the floor and out onto a terrace above the lake. "You're better looking than ever, you dog," Nora told him, bending forward for a light. "Been in love lots?"

"Lots." He took her shoulders and held her off, surveying her critically. "But I haven't forgotten—you're a magnificent person, Nora." He drew her to him. "And exciting."

After a moment she laughed, softly. "This is absurd."

He was enormously aware of her. He said, solemnly, "I told you that I'd been in love often. But there's a different thing . . . I've only loved one girl, ever."

She didn't answer.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, he was broke when "Illegal Practice" folded finally. Poppa Felix dug into shallow pockets for fare to New York, where for the next months Don lived on the agents' invitations to dinner and watched the slow, incredible erosion of Broadway as an entertainment nucleus. Texas Guinan, triumphantly acquitted in a Manhattan courtroom, conceived the idea of doing a parody of her trial as part of a floor show and for a time Don—playing the *District Attorney*—was in the money again. The act was set to tempo, and it was amusing until one evening, during the finale, when the boys got too rough and somebody hit a lady patron in the eye with an artificial snowball. The lady, digging borax out of her face, threatened suit and this made Texas quite angry. So she cancelled the act and Don's contract.

He protested only as matter of form. It was fair. He had really thrown that snowball a little too hard.

New York would have held him, though—by its bigness, its unbounded vitality, its danger and excitement and glamour—if the innumerable debts he had collected while working hadn't suddenly caught up with him. Tailors, florists, bootleggers: all were unreasonable. Thirty-one dollars for that top hat, used the first night anyway as a champagne bucket . . . the robbers. Well, he had no choice. Besides, he couldn't miss his sister's wedding, could he?

"Coming to be best man," he wired.

When the answer read simply, "Grand," he telephoned at once, indignant and collect.

"Hey!" he said. "What about my plane ticket?"

His sister, it was discovered, had done well. Don, bored and chafing with inaction, spent a few weeks cultivating his new brother-in-law and the brother-in-law's estimable cellar; then he looked up Mark Tobin and they drove together to Chicago in Mark's vintage Pontiac. Don had heard that a big oil company was offering willing young men positions in South America at pretty good salaries—if the heat didn't prove too much, or the mosquitoes—He was that bewildered with his own

life, that unsure, for the moment, of his destiny.

Fortunately, the jobs were all taken. On the drive back Don sat gloomily, chain-smoking and staring at the dashboard. Mark said at last: "You would have been a fool to do that. What now?"

"I don't know." They rode in silence for a while. Then Don began to chuckle, a throaty sound that became suddenly a mighty burst of laughter. "I am a fool," he said delightedly, "because I forgot. I don't have to go out hunting for something to happen. It will happen to me!"

When he got home he went directly to the post office and found there what he had expected: a letter telling him he was in the big time again, if he wanted to be. A girl named Bernadine Flynn, with whom he had played professionally in Wisconsin and companionably in New York, had written it, saying that she was in Chicago now fooling with radio, and that there was a sustaining broadcast spot empty, and that if she remembered his voice at all . . . she remembered other things too, she said.

BY fall, the Great Northern Railway had prepared its Empire Builders' radio program and Don had been cast as the lead. It paid only \$60 a week but there were local airings to fill in for extra checks. By the following spring—of 1931—he had taken over the First Nighter series, at real money.

It had been a good season, ripe with sensation and experience. He had been variously in love, once with a bright-eyed young blues singer and once, briefly, with a glamorous lady whose hair was defiantly brass-colored. There had been plenty of time for play: for nights spent in white tie and tails dancing at the Blackstone, the Palmer House, the Edgewater Beach Club—for nights that lasted until it was necessary to dash, still starched and top-hatted, to the studio for any early broadcast that opened coyly, "Good morning everybody! Get up get up get up!"



Just another proof that gentlemen should prefer blondes—Virginia Davis who will give Ginger Rogers some very real competition in Ginger's newest picture—"Vivacious Lady"

But one summer Sunday forenoon he went out to play golf with Mark; on the eighth hole he bent over to tee the ball—and kept right on going, collapsing gently against the sandbox. Mark brought him to with water from a convenient pail. "We'll get you to a hospital, kid," Mark soothed. "Just relax now."

"No." Don got unsteadily to his feet. "If you want to be a pal—will you take me to Marion? To—St. Berchman's?" Mark nodded. "I understand."

At St. Berchman's Don said to the sisters, "Would you mind if I just stayed here for two or three days? I won't bother anyone, but I want to spend a little time in the chapel. I want to settle some things with myself . . ."

When the following Thursday he said good-by to the soft-voiced sisters he was, in a measure, at peace once more. He went to a doctor, heard with indifference that he had a curious ailment and was on the verge of a fatal collapse, took a sleeping pill and slept the clock twice around. Then he went to Chicago, heard from another doctor that he did not have the curious ailment, had the tooth that was bothering him pulled, and was at the peak of health in twenty-four hours.

But nineteen months later he was still unobtrusively on the wagon. He went off then, rather gloriously, when his first son was born.

WITH his luck, it had to happen, of course. It was inevitable that during a First Nighter rehearsal one evening, shortly after his return from St. Berchman's, a friend named Terry Yore would call and ask Don to double-date with an "old friend." It was inevitable that Don would accept, and that the old friend would be Honore, lovelier than always, gay with the joke she had played on him. With his luck, it could have been no other way.

They went dancing that night, and the next week end Don wired her that he and Mark would come to see her on Saturday. They arrived Sunday afternoon, the Pontiac being what it was but she wasn't angry. "I would have waited," she told Don, her eyes eloquent, "until the last trump—"

There were other week ends—until, two months later, Don came thumping at her door at five o'clock in the morning. She came downstairs in her dressing robe, fingers to lips, and let him in; at the curb the Pontiac fumed and Mark slept patiently in the rumble seat. "What in the name of Heaven . . . ?" she began, but he silenced her competently. "We're going to get married," he told her.

She smoothed her hair with her hands. "Now? At this hour?"

He was fumbling with an inner pocket; finally he held out something that glittered with fire in the half-light. "See?" he said. "I got it this—yesterday morning, and thought you'd want it right away."

Nora sat sliding the magnificent solitaire back and forth on her finger, smiling. "That Ameche guy," she murmured. "He's such a fool. I wonder why I love him so much?"

"A fool," Don agreed. "But I think that somehow, with Honore close by, he might eventually amount to something."

Encouraged by the splendid Nora, Don Ameche—product of the Jazz Age, member of the "lost generation"—discovered the meaning of existence in Hollywood. His faith in himself justified, happy in marriage, he reached the highest pinnacle Hollywood had to offer. Concluding in May PHOToplay.

The Seamy Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

seem to be the primary motives for such tragedies.

The next hour was rather dullish as far as action went. We drove over to the Brown Derby on Vine Street and had a badly needed steaming cup of black coffee. The driver remained in the car waiting for calls that seemed never to come.

I learned, to my amazement, that Hollywood is the locale of more attempted extortion cases per annum than any other city in the United States. This particular brand of criminal seems to feel that we who have attained a modicum of success on the screen are natural-born suckers; that all they have to do is say, "Boo! The bogeyman'll get you if you don't watch out!" and we'll immediately part with large quantities of our hard-earned funds.

Fortunately, a man by the name of Blaney Mathews started a squad in the District Attorney's office some years ago known as the Special Investigation Detail. So far, they have a perfect record—1098 successful cases at the time Mathews took up other duties.

The men were praising Mae West and Clark Gable for their courage in fighting such cases out, regardless of the publicity, when the driver raced in for us.

"Something hot out in Beverly Hills—a shooting. Local men are on it—do you want to cover it?"

We did—emphatically!

WE never known that Sunset Boulevard could unroll so fast. At times we were hitting eighty and eighty-five—down past the Clover Club, the Troc, Lamaze, the Cock and Bull. I had an insane desire to giggle as I caught a flash of a huge sign down near the bridle path—NEW GUIDE TO MOVIE STARS' HOMES. I don't know why it was so amusing just then, except that, in moments of the sort, one is rarely normal and, too, perhaps I did have a new guide to some famous home right then—a guide at eighty m.p.h.

We cut south off Sunset onto one of the swankiest residential streets in Beverly Hills. Vast mansions on both sides, hidden in royal palms; two houses I recognized as belonging to friends of mine. I wondered what one hostess was gossiping about as we drove past, what she'd say if she knew what was happening a few yards from the scene.

When I saw the house before which an ambulance and police car already stood, I nearly fainted. I'd been there countless times for dinner. The young picture couple who lived there were great personal friends of both Lili's and mine. He was a young director with a great future, she a successful actress.

I sprinted across the lawn in a nightmare. I might have saved myself the trouble. When we got in the house we learned that my friends had leased it and moved out into San Fernando Valley six weeks before, when I had been away on a Mexican fishing trip.

The man who had leased it was a gambler and race-track follower. He had come home and found his night-club hostess wife doing a bit of private night clubbing with a song-and-dance expert. The gambler decided he had been done wrong, took a couple of pot shots at the fleeing couple and apparently missed them. He then took a shot at the petrified Filipino butler. He missed all three and then, either because he had been betrayed or was humiliated at being such a bad marksman, he tried one on himself.

I must say that he was extraordinarily inept at handling firearms, for all he succeeded in doing, after a total of four shots, was to give himself a slight wound in the fleshy part of his shoulder, just to starboard of his armpit. The way the man moaned and groaned when they carried him out to the ambulance, you'd thought he'd been through the three days at Vimy Ridge.

THE next call was unusual, even for Hollywood. A certain well-known character actor whose morals are no better than they absolutely have to be had called on a few girls living in a lovely house up in the hills. There were a couple of other male guests and one thing had led to another and everybody had had a lot of drinks and laughs. The character actor decided that he should give his impersonation of a faun. Apparently he had. Pretty soon they all had started being fauns, frolicking all over the house with veils and bacchanal wreaths and a gay disregard for the furniture, vases and windows.

Unable to contain themselves within four walls, they had started their Spring Dance on the lawn around the gold-fish pond. Maybe the neighbors were narrow-minded or maybe they just wanted to sleep—in any event, they had put in a call.

It is presumable that the giddy young people had heard the wailing approach of the siren and, suddenly sobered, had made a mad dash for the house, because the only person we found was a disheveled actor in an extraordinary miscellany of clothes pounding on the front door with anguished fists.

"Lemme in!" he wailed. "Lemme in! I'll be good! Honest, I'll be good..." He looked around and saw me through the haze, grinned foolishly and turned back to the door. "C'mon! Open up! Y' don't have to hide any more—it ain't the cops, after all—it's just Errol Flynn!"

I wasn't much flattered because all that answered him was the silence of the tombs. The sergeant tried his hand—or his stentorian voice, rather—but to no avail. Just then the driver came around the house to report that its back door opened on another street and that the birds had flown. If those particular birds want the rest of their wearing apparel they may have same by applying to headquarters downtown.

THE last call I made that night was the last one I ever want to make in Hollywood.

It came from the manager of a cheap hotel. He was worried. The door of one of the hotel rooms was locked from the inside and no one had seen the woman who occupied the room for four days. Being wise to the law, he called the police to open the door. I, unfortunately, was along.

As we opened the door we saw, in the light from the hall, two fiery little eyes staring, unblinkingly, from under the dressing table.

We switched on the lights. The room was neat; poor but decent. The girl—middle-aged, really, but it is hard even now to realize it—was lying, face down, on the bed, watched over by her beloved pet dog.

When I went closer, I was shocked to see that this woman was an actress you have known and loved for many, many years—as have I.

From now on, I'll let the seamy side take care of itself. Boys and girls, give me glitter, even if it bores me!

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A LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!

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THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S
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IT GUARDS YOUR
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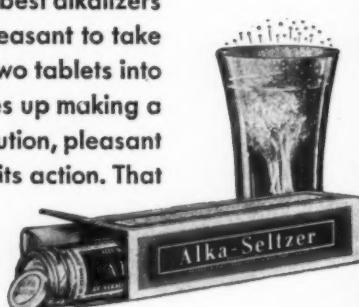
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Who's Really Who in Hollywood Society

(Continued from page 21)

itself, you will hear frequent praise of Frances Goldwyn (Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn) as a hostess. She is one of the few women in Hollywood whose sole ambition seems to be to be her husband's wife and a perfect social background for him. Although she was an actress before she married, she immediately retired from the screen and started building up the Goldwyn establishment. Her dinners are small, but quite perfect. She never gives large parties, but invitations to her small gatherings are sought and regarded as a real accolade.

Jesse Lasky is another of the few producers who does entertaining; and Mervyn Le Roy still another. Both men are sensitive artists. As for their wives—Mrs. Lasky is a painter; Doris Warner Le Roy a sculptress. Each couple usually gives one or two large receptions during the winter, and a series of small, informal dinners.

IMMIE and Lucille Gleason, on the other hand, give the big garden parties which are the most fun of all the outdoor Hollywood gatherings. They entertain chiefly for the Character People, though sometimes for a close friend of theirs who happens to be a star.

Ernst Lubitsch was, for years, the center of the foreign film colony, but since his marriage he hasn't been doing so much entertaining as prior to it. The Basil Rathbones have taken his place and are rapidly becoming the most sumptuous party givers within the gates.

Mary Pickford still does some entertaining; but nowhere nearly so much as she used to do when Doug was at the wheel. Incidentally, Pickfair, that rambling Beverly Hills estate, has been renamed by the rude rabble Dug-out, and even Bud-in! Buddy doesn't care much for crowds, probably because he's seen too many of them out front on the dance floor.

Leader of the writer intelligentsia of Hollywood is undoubtedly Frances Marion, novelist and scenarist. Her parties usually center around music, and some of the finest playing and singing in the world is heard by the lucky guests who are invited to her beautiful Adrian-decorated home. She it was who introduced James Hilton, the novelist, to the colony. She gives frequent al fresco luncheons in her spacious garden for all types of distinguished visitors from noblemen to playwrights. She, too, travels with a small group, but that group is truly distinguished.

From time to time the Countess di Frasso gives a blowout, bang-up party for some friend from the East. For it, she handpicks her own movie preferences, and her invitation, usually given by telephone, is like a command performance for a certain movie group.

Very few of the younger married set in pictures do entertaining on a large scale any more. The Irving Berlins and the Fred Astaires are the exceptions. And to be invited to either house is a treat long worth remembering.

NOWADAYS in Hollywood, as in many eastern cities, it's considered more fashionable by certain sets to do their entertaining in public places, instead of at home. And so there has grown up on the West Coast a large and very powerful social clique, which, for want of a better name, I might as well call the Cafe Set. Some of the more conservative people in pictureland call them "The Exhibitionists"; but I don't think that that is quite fair, for though

decidedly, there may be exhibitionists among them, it would be cruel to classify everyone who likes dining and dancing out as an exhibitionist. Since this Cafe Set is the largest set in Hollywood today, I'll enumerate them first:

Marlene Dietrich	June Travers
Connie Bennett	Joan Marsh
Katharine Hepburn	Marian Marsh
Lili Damita	Loretta Young
Betty Furness	Mary Rogers
Rochelle Hudson	Barbara Pepper
Anita Louise	Patricia Ellis
Madeleine Carroll	Tallulah Bankhead
June Lang	Glenda Farrell
Virginia Graham	Gracie Allen
Margaret Sullavan	Constance Collier
Gloria Swanson	Paulette Goddard
Louella Parsons	Luli Deste
Carole Lombard	Martha Raye
Eleanor Holm	Paula Stone
Jeanette Mac- Donald	Patricia Ziegfeld
Virginia Bruce	Ann Sothern
Merle Oberon	Ginger Rogers
Adele Wild	Marion Davies
Adolph Zukor	W. C. Fields
Cesar Romero	Josef von Sternberg
George Burns	Cecil B. De Mille
Walter Wanger	Will Hays
Winnie Sheehan	Louis B. Mayer
Joe Schenck	Dudley Murphy
Jay Paley	Edmund Goulding
Eddie Sutherland	George Raft
Lloyd Pantages	Walter Winchell
Gene Fowler	Ed Sullivan
Gene Markey	Douglass Mont- gomery
Eddie Cantor	Sidney Lanfield
Edmund Lowe	Gene Towne
Richard Arlen	George Jessel
Randolph Scott	Robert Young
The Henry Fondas	Bill Robinson
The Johnny Weissmullers	The Bert Wheelers
The Al Jolsons	The Marx Brothers
The Jack Oakies	The John Barry- mores
The Hal Roaches	The Jimmy Fidlers
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.	

ODDLY enough the second largest set, numerically speaking, is the stay-at-homes. Many, many movielanders are home people who rarely or never entertain, except for a few personal friends. Into this category then comes the following list of people. Some of the names may surprise you, because you have read and heard otherwise:

Bette Davis	Mary Boland
Sophie Tucker	Irene Dunne
Dorothy Lamour	Mary Astor
Janet Gaynor	Mary Carlisle
Claudette Colbert	Sally Eilers
Greta Garbo	Una Merkel
Kay Francis	ZaSu Pitts
Myrna Loy	Miriam Hopkins
Sylvia Sidney	Maureen O'Sullivan
Eleanor Powell	Norma Shearer
Olivia de Havilland	Sonja Henie
Grace Moore	Olympe Bradna
Sari Maritz	Lynn Carver
Billie Burke	Andrea Leeds
Mae West	Joan Blondell
Tilly Losch	Joan Bennett
John Roche	George Brent
Abe Lyman	Joel McCrea
Alan Dinehart	Dick Powell
Gregory Ratoff	Gilbert Roland
Sol Lesser	Spencer Tracy
Marshall Neilan	Roland Young
David Niven	Frank Morgan
Leon Errol	John Boles
Lyle Talbot	George Arliss
Wesley Ruggles	Fred Stone
Donald Crisp	William Haines
The Joe E. Browns	The Tay Garnetts
The Fredric Marches	The Edward Arnolds
The Jack Coogans	The Ozzie Nelsons

The Otto Krugers The Rupert Hughes
The Joe Penners The Nunnally
Johnson

Most people will exclaim when they read Mae West's name here. And yet it's quite true; for Mae seldom goes out in public, except to the fights on Friday nights and to church on Sunday.

Sari Maritz, who is Mrs. Sam Katz, pretty wife of the vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in private life, studies psychology at the University of Southern California. That and her gardening keep her busy. Claudette Colbert, the wife of one of America's greatest surgeons, leads as ideal a life at home as any one could wish to live. Irene Dunne is interested in politics and good government, but her home, too, comes first. Mary Astor, still sensitive about that diary episode, is crowd-shy. William Haines and John Roche have business interests that take up what time they have away from the studio. Sonja Henie practices her steps long after hours; and David Niven's love for the sea keeps him away from the bright lights.

THEN there are the Hollywood Intellectuals. Among them you will find:

Joan Crawford	Gail Patrick
Elissa Landi	Mary Pickford
Luisa Rainer	Frank Scully
Franchot Tone	James Cagney
Paul Muni	Donald Ogden
Jean Hersholt	Stewart
Frank Capra	Konrad Bercovici
Jim Tully	Tyrone Power
Robert Montgomery	Edward Everett
Francis Lederer	Horton
Robert Lord	Lionel Barrymore
Clifford Odets	John Stahl
Sidney Franklin	William Wyler
Ronald Colman	Walt Disney
	Kenneth MacGowan
	Frances Marion

branch of society throughout civilization there has always been a handful of rotters, who have never actually represented the highest type in any community; but by whose misdemeanors that place has too often been judged. Sad though it seems to be, that type is the one which usually crashes the newspapers today. This has been particularly true in Hollywood.

AND then there is another group who gives any community a good name. That set in Hollywood is the athletic one, into which there are a great number of subheads to divide its principals. For instance, there are the golf-lovers, the tennis-hounds, the polo-ers, the hunters, the swimmers, the fliers, and the crowd that spends all their spare time at the Santa Anita and Inglewood tracks. Into this grouping come some of those already included in other sets:

Helen Vinson	Zeppo Marx
Wendy Barry	Sally Eilers
Dolores Del Rio	Bette Davis
Paulette Goddard	Alice Faye
Mrs. Gary Cooper	Eleanor Holm
Lupe Velez	Harriet Hilliard
Barbara Stanwyck	Betty Grable
Charlie Farrell	Barbara Pepper
Hal Roach	Myron Selznick
Walt Disney	Wally Beery
Robert Montgomery	Spencer Tracy
	Clarence Brown
	Bill Le Baron
	Jack Cummings
	Howard Hughes
	Harry Cohn
	Buddy Lighton
	Leland Hayward
	Jack Holt
	Frank Borzage
	Will Rogers, Jr.
	Frank Shields
	Frederic March
	Ralph Bellamy
	Laurel and Hardy

Mary Pickford is one of the most intelligent women in the country. Besides being an ardent believer in religion (she wrote "Why Not Try God," remember?) she has one of America's keenest financial minds.

Joan Crawford is exceedingly well read and seriously interested in chamber music as well; her husband, Franchot Tone, is a strong supporter of the Spanish Loyalist cause. Both have donated money for an ambulance for Loyalist Spain.

Robert Montgomery is head of the labor movement in pictures; and Jean Hersholt and Frank Capra have vast libraries on social problems.

Francis Lederer is an advocate of world peace as is Elissa Landi. Luisa Rainer and Clifford Odets are deeply engrossed in the international situation. Ronald Colman burns the midnight oil long hours reading. Jim Tully and James Cagney need no further introduction. They too belong to the Purposeful-Intelligentsia.

Unfortunately, much of the adverse conception of Hollywood in the outside world comes from the scrapes into which some of its queer people sometimes get themselves. Yet in every

Loretta Young
Kay Francis
Claudette Colbert
Norma Shearer
Sylvia Ashley
Joan Crawford
Gladys Swarthout
Mrs. Jack Warner
Walt Disney
Howard Hughes
Bruce Cabot
Jack Benny
David Manners
George Arliss
Mary Rogers
William Powell

Deanna Durbin
Carole Lombard
Billie Burke
Helen Vinson
Mrs. Gary Cooper
Dolores Del Rio
Joan Bennett
Frederic March
Edmund Lowe
Herbert Marshall
Adolphe Menjou
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Charlie Chaplin

Certainly Hollywood takes itself and its society as seriously as any other big city, and why shouldn't it?

FORBIDDEN GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD

*The second in Photoplay's series
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BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS*

This author reveals, as no person has ever done before, hidden chapters in the lives of famous stars

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...the use of chewing gum lessens fatigue, improves alertness and mental efficiency. BEECHIES are the "candy-coated" variety in your choice of flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier" ...helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

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This spring marks a marvelous advance in fashion technique—because it presents finger-nails tinted delicately or vividly by La Cross—in costume colors—shades to harmonize perfectly with each smart new fashion tone!

La Cross costume polishes are not only the finest, longest lasting! They are actually so easy to apply you can change them yourself between manicures as quickly and easily as you change your gown. They go on like a dream over Stazon, the new La Cross polish base, which insures you quick, professionally smooth applications with higher luster. And La Cross new Glycerated Polish Remover can be used as frequently as you wish, for it will not dry nails—helps keep your cuticle soft.

Ask your manicurist to apply one of these new shades today. And take home several to keep your finger-tips in fashion with your new costumes. 50c each bottle, at finer shops and stores.

La Cross
CREME NAIL POLISH

BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS



Why Sonja Henie Won't Marry

(Continued from page 25)

showwomen in the entertainment business; and she is beautiful into the bargain.

Had she been destined for a throne she would have made history. She is making show history this minute.

And if you will remember, none of the great women of any period have had much patience with love when it represented a drag on their headlong flight to glory. It had its place. But when the crucial decision was necessary, there was always a kind of magnificent brutality about the way that decision was made.

WHEN Sonja first won the Olympic championship for her skating, Selma and Wilhelm Henie, her parents, suggested that she pause and be a simple girl for a time.

"This is the highest honor you can achieve," they argued. "Now you must think of love—of finding a husband and creating a family."

She had two answers ready, although none was necessary. The first was that an Olympic championship was not the highest honor, but only a step to honors that would come later. The second—and this was merely courteous—was that she didn't know how to be merely a woman. She had spent her life as a candidate for spotlights; what could she know about the art of coquetry, of artful wiles, of feminine hanky-panky? "Later," was her ultimatum.

The temptation to swerve from the road of boundless ambition has often been strong. Twice she has come near forgetting her splendid destiny.

Once she met a man, whom she won't name, of good family and good fortune and many graces, in London. He did things with glamour, appealing to the innate sense of showmanship Sonja possesses in such abundance. In addition, he looked like a Jon Whitcomb illustration. He wanted to marry her.

"But I want to marry you, not the champion skater and exhibitionist named Sonja Henie," he told her. "You must take your choice."

Fatal words . . . She promised him an answer on the day of the Olympic games: he had said if she accepted him she mustn't enter even this final competition. From the stands, where he sat waiting, he heard at last her name roaring from loudspeakers, saw her small graceful figure appear at the rink edge and pose there, smiling welcome to the cheering crowds.

He watched her flash across the ice,

saw her win once again the title she had never relinquished. But he might have known.

Even then she had decided to conquer America, to surprise Hollywood out of two years growth and a ridiculous amount of money.

She didn't quite anticipate Tyrone. But she accepted him in stride. She probably fell a little in love with him, after the whole thing had started sensibly, coldly, as a casual and necessary part of publicity routine. When the situation threatened to develop importance, she dealt with it simply. Fortunately both, at the time, were ready to say good-by.

But she gave up, apparently without regret, the young man who was—and is today—the most sought after bachelor since Jack Gilbert.

The silliest thing being said about Sonja Henie is that she is unhappy over the way that romance terminated. So long as it ended in friendship, and it did, she must regard it with extreme composure. And if she is lonely, she is lonely by choice.

SO far as men are concerned, there are, of necessity, difficulties that Sonja must surmount in her selection. She is, after all, richer, more successful—and she possesses a better head on her shoulders—than the majority of Hollywood males. Not a single actor can touch her box-office draw.

Thus the man who would storm Sonja's heart so successfully that she would renounce her chosen stand in favor of marriage must do so completely on the basis of intelligence, charm and personality. There are few Hollywood men who could do that.

"Charm in a man," she told me, "is based on vitality but—so far as I'm concerned—it doesn't have to be entirely physical. It's very hard for me to explain in English . . . but there should be a vitality of spirit and mentality and a certain powerful drive from inside.

"The man I marry would have to be interested in other people—generously and tolerantly interested. And he'd have to be willing to give and receive gracefully, and to be instructed in things."

Sonja is inherently a reformer, a leader; she would want to teach her husband . . .

"He'd have charm for men and women alike," she went on, frowning as she edited her ideas into simple English. "He'd have native energy, wide



Chic Mrs. Tone and Annabella, 20th Century's new little Frenchie, at the Clover Club. The gentleman nosing into the picture is Jean Murat, Annabella's husband

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more
FOR YOUR SKIN

because
they contain
beauty-giving
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If your skin
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Don't be discouraged — here's help for you! Remember how Milk of Magnesia helps an *internal* excess acid condition of the stomach. Just so these Milk of Magnesia Creams act on the *external* excess fatty acid accumulations on the skin, thus helping to overcome unsightly faults and to beautify the skin.

MILK of Magnesia has long been known to many skin specialists for its beneficial action on the skin. A way has now been perfected to hold this ingredient on the skin long enough to be truly effective — in two remarkable new-type face creams developed by the Phillips Company, original makers of the famous Milk of Magnesia.

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try this unique cream. See how it works to beautify your skin!

A New-Type Foundation. Here's a delightful new experience for you! Phillips' Texture Cream preserves that freshly-powdered look for hours because the Milk of Magnesia *prepares* the skin properly — softening, smoothing away roughness, and overcoming oiliness so that it takes make-up evenly and holds it longer.

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Try this Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream *just once* and it will be your cleansing cream *always!* The milk of magnesia gives it a remarkable ability to cleanse because it not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the pores, neutralizing the excess fatty acid accumulations as it cleanses. Liquefies instantly and wipes off easily. Leaves your skin *really* clean, and so soft and supple!



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enclosing them. This square or box means that, no matter what may befall you or how serious it may seem at the time, the square or box will take you through the danger period.

YOUR heart line begins under your first finger, Jupiter, goes across your palm and ends at the side of your hand. If it begins directly under Jupiter, you are an idealist. Love means everything to you. Whomever you love you will put on a pedestal and worship.

If your heart line begins between your first and second finger you are less sentimental. You are capable of a deep and lasting love, but you are reasonable about it.

If your heart line begins directly under your middle finger, Saturn, physical attraction means more to you than real love, and you are apt to love a person only so long as he can attract and hold you physically.

If your heart line goes from one side of your hand to the other, you are completely ruled by your heart. In this event you will suffer from jealousy and, while you let those whom you love walk all over you, you make them very unhappy because of your unreasonable jealousy.

The best type of heart line is clear-cut, pink, and unbroken. This indicates good health, deep affections and fidelity in love and friendship.

YOUR head line indicates your mentality. Without a good head line you stand little chance of accomplishing much in this world.

The head line usually begins at the side of your hand, is joined to and runs along your life line for a short distance then, branching out for itself, slopes out into the center of your palm, pointing downward or going across your hand. When your head line is separated from your life line at the very beginning, it shows great self-reliance, courage, originality and individuality. If it begins under the finger of Jupiter, you are destined to be a great leader. If it goes clear across your hand you are practical, unsentimental and ruled by your head. If it slopes downward toward your wrist you have a keen imagination and creative powers.

A fork on the end of your head line means that you are both practical and imaginative. This is an excellent combination on a good hand, because it gives you imagination with which to vision things and practicality with which to bring your visions into being.

YOUR line of fate, or Saturn, begins at the base of your hand and runs upward in the direction of your middle finger, Saturn. Read the ages on this line from your wrist up and figure that when your Fate line crosses your head line you will be about thirty. When it crosses your heart line you will be about forty-five. You will find this reading fairly accurate for the average hand.

Your Fate line gives you a good idea as to what sort of financial success or difficulties you may expect during the course of your life. If this line is clear, and straight, and deeply cut, and goes straight up your hand to the finger of Saturn, you may expect amazing wealth and success. If it grows thin and uncertain during the course of its progress you will probably suffer reverses of some sort during the periods when the line fades or is defective.

If you have no Fate line, do not let it worry you. Many persons are born without one. In this case, examine the rest of your hand. The qualities given you by a good life, heart, and head line, combined with a good thumb, will make up for the lack of a Fate line.

Islands on your Fate line indicate financial troubles at the time this marking appears. A sister line running along beside your line of Fate, or the customary square or box, will cause you to avoid this trouble, or at least survive it.

Crossbars on your Fate line are read by some as obstacles to the career. However, if, after the crossbars, the Fate line does not grow thin, or show any other defects, I read such lines as changes or advancement in business—and, in most cases, time has proved this reading to be correct.

If, following the crossbars, the lines appear to be defective, read the bars as obstacles or changes which it would be inadvisable to make.

THE lines of affection or marriage are at the extreme outer side of your hand, between your little finger and the end of your heart line. They denote marriages, engagements and love affairs. They begin at the outside and run inward toward your palm under your little finger.

It is impossible to tell whether these lines mean marriage or a serious love affair, but they do tell the strength of your affections and love. If you have four strong clear-cut lines at the side of your hand you may as well reconcile yourself to the fact that you will be head over heels in love at least four times in your life.

If no lines of affection show in your hands, you do not care much for the opposite sex, and, while you may marry, it will be for convenience or companionship rather than for love.

The deepest line of affection shows the love affair which made, or will make, the deepest impression on you, either through happiness or unhappiness. Two lines of equal strength and length indicate two loves of equal depth. If these lines are beside each other you probably have been, are, or will be in love with two persons at the same time. If you have a great many lines of affection and a heart line with many branches shooting out from it, you are flirtatious and inconstant, and you are attracted by every new face and type you meet.

An island appearing on the end of the marriage line indicates unhappiness; a cross, obstacles in the way of love; a star, a love affair or marriage with a famous person.

You may be interested to know that the palms of Robert Taylor (pictured on page 66) indicate that he is both affectionate and sympathetic. A complete report on this young man's hands shows other data equally as exciting.

FINGERS: — rather short with smooth knuckles. This means he is impulsive and intuitive. He is rather impatient, is quick-witted and dislikes to bother with details. Give him a big job to handle and he will put it through in a hurry, but don't irritate him by asking him to fuss around with a lot of tiresome details.

FINGER TIPS: — first and fourth finger tips are conic. This makes him a romantic lover both on and off screen, gives him intuition and quick perception, makes him quick-witted and enables him to visualize whatever part he is given to play. The other two fingers are spatulate, giving him the spatulate qualities — activity, originality, love of adventure and love of sport.

WIDE PALM: — he has an unusually wide palm. This tells you once more of his love of adventure, restlessness and actual need of travel and constantly changing surroundings.

MOUNT OF VENUS: — this is an unusually well-developed Mount of Venus. It shows love of music and dancing. Also a nature which is affectionate, passionate and very sympathetic.

Three Damp Fools

(Continued from page 32)

up nicely. Jimmy's engagement to Ruth Hilliard, the actress, has been announced. They may be married before this reaches print.

You have to grab your facts as you can in this three-ring circus. The wiser course, if it's facts you want, is to get them from outside. Not that the boys set out to make things harder for you. On the contrary, they're amiability triple-ply. But they can't resist the bug that's bitten them.

"Come on, boys, she wants to take down."

"What kind of language is that, she wants to take down? For this I sent you to college, where life begins?"

"Do me a favor. Stop plugging Zanuck's goods in Goldwyn's shop."

Meantime Jimmy has scrambled into a chair. "Take me down, lady. How shall I look? Shall I fold my nose or let it hang easy—?"

"Hanging's too good for it. Blow!" Al thrusts a handkerchief at him and butts him off the chair at the same time. "Take me, lady. I'm the family Venus. Fugitive from the Daisy Chain Gang, Class of '35—"

Harry plumps into his lap—"Who'll bid thirty-six?"

UNOBTRUSIVELY on the sidelines sits a small man, grinning from ear to ear. Till he catches someone watching him. Then, like an abashed child, he pulls his face straight. But not for long. One glance at his sons, and back steals the grin. What they're doing hardly matters. They have only to heave into sight to make Papa Ritz smile. Having perpetrated some particularly outrageous piece of nonsense, one of them calls to him: "Funny, Pop?" Pop compresses his lips. "Tickle me and I'll laugh," he says severely, his shoulders already shaking with silent chuckles.

Al strikes an attitude: "A doc-taire." Jimmy follows suit: "A law-yaire." Harry steps into line: "A jen-jineer." Pop turns to you with the necessary explanation. "It means I wanted they should study. They wanted the stage." He shrugs. "I was sorry. Now I am proud."

Tragedy struck when the mother of the family died two years ago. Outside her home, her chief interest lay in charities. The boys continue to support the charities she was interested in. Since her death, Papa Ritz spends most of his time with them. He was stricken with a serious illness during the filming of "Life Begins in College." Frantic with anxiety, the boys had a private wire installed between their set and the hospital. When they weren't before the cameras, they were at the phone.

Happily recovered, though still attended by a nurse, Papa resumed his place on the sidelines. One day he appeared without the nurse. His sons descended on him en masse. "Where's the fire?" he wanted to know. "I don't need nurses. She bothered me. She made me feel sick. I am not sick. Wilbur is enough."

Wilbur is the negro chauffeur and between him and Pop there exists a perfect understanding. At Pop's signal, Wilbur appears with a thermos bottle of hot milk and a couple of crackers. Otherwise, he minds his own business. Respecting their father's prejudices, the boys don't fuss over him, either. But they feel easier when he's around. They like to look at him.

Before he inherited from his sons the name of Ritz, Pop was Max Joachim, a hat manufacturer in Brooklyn. He and

his wife had emigrated from Austria shortly after their marriage. The boys were born in Newark, but spent most of their boyhood in Brooklyn.

Out of sheer exuberance, having donned his first pair of long pants, Al started jiggling on a street corner one day. People tossed him pennies. Jiggling them thoughtfully in his pocket on the way home, an idea began to germinate. If he could get pennies for dancing, why not dollars—the same kind of dollars his father earned, selling hats. Selling hats was a pain in the neck, dancing was a pleasure.

He entered amateur contests, and walked off with five and ten dollar prizes. In between he worked at this and that, but his heart wasn't in it. Jimmy followed in his footsteps. If anything, he was still more limber-legged than his brother. Harry was still at school, majoring in basketball and being kept in. One night he stole a pair of Al's pants and won first prize in a dancing contest.

It was then that Al's idea, born several years earlier on a street corner, burst into full bloom.

"You want to go back to school? (Dare to say yes.)"

"No."

They summoned Jimmy. "We're brothers. Why should we swipe pants from each other and chicken-feed prizes? We'll combine, we'll put on an act, maybe we'll make a hundred a week."

"A hundred apiece?" breathed Harry. "Shah! Make faces. I'll do the business."

They built up their routine out of the horseplay that was second nature to them, and their skill in dancing. Then Al had a stroke of inspiration. The collegiate craze was sweeping the country. He togged himself and his brothers out in the wide pants, short jackets and red bow ties popularized by the cartoons of *Harold Teen*. Thus accoutered, they sought out Ben Wise, theatrical agent, and did their stuff.

"Amateurish," said Wise, "but funny in spots. What's the name?"

"Joachim."

"Is that a name or a sneeze?"

Ever sensitive to a hint, Al lost no time in colloquy. An electric signboard outside flashed on the words *Ritz Laundry*. "Suppose we're the Ritz Brothers. Even a maroon could say it." "He means a marine," Harry apologized.

"Wise guy! A marine is smart. He won the war."

"Did I say he lost it?"

"All right, so he'll find it again."

"Don't change the subject. A maroon you eat. How can it say Ritz?"

"I get the general idea," said Wise. "I'll let you hear from me."

The upshot was their first engagement at Fox's Folly Theater in Brooklyn. As they affected you now, so they affected that first audience. Of the New York producers who went scooting across the bridge, Earl Carroll got to them first and signed them for featured parts in "Florida Girl."

Triumphs in revue, vaudeville and night clubs finally swept them into a four weeks' engagement at the Clover Club in Hollywood. On such occasions they specialize in the intimate touch. Swooping down on a pretty lady who sat with her husband, they whirled her round the floor in their own conception of an Apache dance. Startled though she was and all but hysterical with

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laughter, she performed the part thrust upon her with good humor and grace. Ceremoniously they escorted her back to her table and bowed to her husband. "Your lady should be in the movies."

"I return the compliment," said the gentleman, who was Darryl Zanuck. A few days later the boys were under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox.

Now, as at the beginning, their comedy is their own. "We eat Welsh rabbits for supper every night," Harry explains. "The stenographers take down what they say, and it goes in the script."

"You're cockeyed," Jimmy points out. "Stenographers don't go in scripts."

"In scripts," says Al, "everything goes."

"Oh, you mean tismiss. Why didn't you say so?"

Actually the conferences from which their dizzy masterpieces spring are a free-for-all. The boys supply the insanity. Sid Kuller and Ray Golden organize it. Sam Pokrass sets it to music. The first two are writers, the third a tunesmith, and all three are spiritually akin to the Ritzes. To safeguard the more sensitive nervous systems on the lot, they've been given a working bungalow in a far-off corner—which is still not far enough, when the wind's in their favor.

No one is safe from them. They can no more help pulling gags than a camel can help having humps. Other butts for their jokes lacking, they'll even go so far as to victimize themselves. Thus Jimmy has been known to phone his cook to prepare a dinner for twelve, after which he will drive cheerfully down to Palm Springs for the week end.

Sidney Lanfield was trying to shoot a love scene with Alice Faye and Michael Whalen for "Sing, Baby, Sing." Every time Alice's lips approached Michael's, she'd sputter, giggle and ruin the take. At length he grew impatient.

"I can't help it," wailed Alice, "and I hate tattletales. But how can you kiss a man with those three up there coaching you?"

From the catwalk above the brothers peered innocently down. "What are you doing up there?" Lanfield demanded.

Nothing loath, they showed him. Jimmy's lips, pursed to a snout, approached Harry's. Harry writhed and massaged his face in an ecstasy of passion. Arms outstretched, Al murmured blessings over them.

Lanfield turned to Charlie Hall, his assistant, who weighs two hundred and

ten pounds. "Get them down."

Scuffles on the catwalk, smothered protests, silence. Presently Hall appeared, sheepish and in his undershirt. His topshirt had been used to bind his wrists behind his back. At his heels paced the Ritz boys, intoning the Prisoner's Song.

Adolphe Menjou knows them of old. He went through "Sing, Baby, Sing" with them. He swore he was on to all their tricks and so help him if they ever got another rise out of him.

Crossing the set on his first day in "The Goldwyn Follies," he came on Al and Jimmy deep in argument.

"Go ahead," Jimmy flung out. "Ask him what he thinks. I dare you."

Al fixed him with so baleful a scowl that Menjou halted automatically. "What's the matter?"

"What do you think?"

Harry's head popped over Menjou's shoulder. "I think so," he cooed.

INCONGRUOUS as it may seem, the boys worry. They take nothing for granted. The credits chalked up in the past belong to the past. They're always afraid of the next picture. They labor as fiercely over their hundredth routine as they did over their first.

Because of their professional humility, it's easier to make them believe bad news than good.

Once Lou Irwin, their manager, had a few scores to pay off with them. He entered their bungalow one afternoon with a long face. "Zanuck just saw the rushes, boys. They smell. He says you're through."

They swallowed it whole. It never occurred to them to question or protest. Still more curious, it never occurred to them that Irwin was turning the tables, casting them in the rôles of the ribbers, ribbed. Yet even in dejection they run true to form. A long sad silence was broken by Harry, who rose abruptly and galloped to the door.

"Where you going?"

"To buy up Twentieth and fire Zanuck."

When I left, they were serenading a fish, but they stopped long enough to wave friendly adieux.

"Best regards to the boss."

"She's getting a bargain—three for the price of one."

"For crazy people, she should pay you double."

"And a little bonus for Pop."

Marvelous ideas the boys have. Long may they rave.

Adventures of Tom Kelly

(Continued from page 26)

never captured his imagination. If it had been a question of big league baseball now, his nights would have been sleepless and his days a torment of excitement. As it was, he returned contentedly to the classroom and the bench of the school's junior team.

What the Kellys didn't know was that these seemingly non-eventful weeks were crowded with events which were to prove significant to them. Tommy's test was sent to Hollywood. There, in a darkened projection room where he had watched tests of hundreds of other aspirants to the rôle of Tom Sawyer, David O. Selznick watched this one. Stubborn in his determination to find the right boy, as he had found in Freddie Bartholomew the right boy for "David Copperfield," he had twice postponed the picture rather than content himself with a second best.

On the screen flashed the image of a freckled, tousle-headed youngster. He

was playing a scene with Huck Finn. His gestures were natural, his speech free of self-consciousness. He grinned, and his grin warmed you. He turned grave, and his gravity made you smile. He stirred all the emotions normally felt for an eager, high-hearted rather small boy of twelve, with a face that you'd call sweet behind his back.

With the end of the reel, Selznick felt that his search was ended. He wired George Cukor, director of "Copperfield," who happened to be in New York.

A telegram for Michael Kelly arrived at the little Bronx flat. Would he bring Tommy down to see Mr. Cukor?

Michael wasn't in. He was marching with the Catholic War Veterans in the St. Patrick's Day parade. So Mrs. Kelly took Tom down. The upshot of the interview was a message from Cukor to Selznick. "I have seen the boy. You've made no mistake. Bring him to Hollywood at once."

ARRIVING in Hollywood, Tom was placed in school, coached in diction, coached in the dog-fashion crawl of Midwest boyhood, tested, photographed and given in charge of a nurse whose job was to see that some of his hollows were filled.

They'd been in Hollywood for about two months when, following his practice of calling for the boy at school, Michael was told one afternoon that the boy had been summoned an hour earlier by the studio.

He discovered his offspring balanced at the top of a banister, ready for descent, surrounded by cameramen. From a distance the position looked somewhat precarious. In the manner of parents the world over, Michael's alarm found vent in irritation. "Come down out o' that," he bawled.

"Whoops, Dad," yelled Tommy, "I've got the part."

"An' what good'll the part do ye, if ye land on your crown?"

"I can't. They're holding me."

But only when his son was on terra firma did the significance of what he had heard break on Michael's mind. Then, hand in hand, they raced to the telegraph office.

Tom composed the wire. He isn't a sports enthusiast for nothing. "It was a tough fight, Mom, but we won."

YOU can't get Tommy steamed up over being a movie actor. "I did what they told me, that's all," he says, absorbed in the experiment of stretching his fingers as far as he can without cracking the knuckles.

He remains singlehearted in his purpose to grow tall enough to play big league baseball. Meantime one dazzling dream has been fulfilled. He owns a bicycle, presented by Mr. Taurog.

"Here's the key," he says, his eyes caressing it as a man's might caress the

APART from their ownership of an inexpensive car, the Kellys still live much as they did in New York. Those who scent honey from afar have come buzzing round them. "Tommy's an important person now, with a position to maintain. You ought to buy a house. You ought to put up a front."

Michael Kelly sets his lips and sends them packing. He works on the Selznick lot as a studio policeman, for he never had the slightest intention of letting Tommy support him. Their flat in Culver City is a modest one. Tom still runs errands and helps his mother with the dishes. Mrs. Kelly still does the household work by herself.

"But gee, I guess if we had a hundred million dollars, Mom'd still do it herself," crows Tom. "Like when I go down to clean the car, she looks out the window, and next minute there she comes with a rag in her hand. And you couldn't make a bed to suit her, not if you was the king of Ireland. Next minute she musses it all up again. 'What's the matter with it, Mom?' I'll ask her. 'It's all right,' she'll say, 'only not just the way I like it.' I guess if we had a hundred million servants, none of 'em could make a bed to suit Mom, could they, Dad?"

"Here's how it is," Kelly Senior explained. "This thing was handed to us on a gold platter, not even a silver one. With Tom's opportunity, the whole family feels it's an answer to prayer and we don't hesitate to say so. But we're still in a trance. We're not makin' plans. We're still worried, will Tom be the success they hope. When that comes to light'll be time enough to rejoice in it.

"As for Tom bein' important, he's the same importance he always had, no more, no less. It just happened that, thanks to his forebears, he's got the kind of face they think Tom Sawyer might've had."

WHEN SHIRLEY TEMPLE FALLS IN LOVE!

No single feature published in PHOTOPLAY has caused more comment than Vincentini's famous study of Clark Gable as Rhett Butler. Next month, in PHOTOPLAY, this fine artist brings you his impression of Shirley as she will appear when she accepts the ring from the man she will marry. Don't miss it!

girl he adores. "I used to ride on some of the other kids' bikes, but I never thought of having one all to myself. Till Mr. Taurog promised. Gen'ally, whenever anybody promises me something, I very seldom believe it, but when Mr. Taurog promised, I believed it.

"So one morning, I was in bed and the bell rang. I was lying in bed, just trying to pass the time away, I wasn't thinking of anything in particular. Then the minute the bell rang, I thought who could this be, it was only five minutes to seven or something like that, and right away it came to my mind the bike would be here. So I jumped up and dressed, and what do you think it was? The bike. Y'oughta see it, it's a honey, an Elgin, and it's got a speedometer on it. They took a picture of it. It looks a little dirty in the picture, but I keep it clean. I took it three miles in an hour that day, didn't I, Dad—?"

"An' what did you do first when your mother reminded you?" hinted Dad.

Tommy blushed. "Wrote a letter to Mr. Taurog—I was thanking him all the time inside, though," he explained earnestly. "It was just being so excited that I forgot for a minute about writing it down on paper."

"Sure," agrees the cheerful Tom. "I might be a flop, anyway. Then I could go in for baseball, couldn't I, Dad?"

THE knock at the door Tom answered almost a year ago is variously regarded. To David O. Selznick, it was the winning move in a long, laborious, systematic campaign. To the world at large, it was magic that opened on wonderland. To the Kellys, it was the hand of providence. Or so they hope. They're still not rushing forward to embrace fortune. Their way is to stand back warily and wait to see what her next move will be.

If half the advance reports can be credited, her next move will be to give Selznick a new star in a new hit picture, to be added to his uninterrupted list of hit pictures. To Michael and Nora Kelly she will give surcease from the strain of pinching and pulling to make ends meet; to the two older boys a chance to fit themselves for congenial work; to Jack, four years at college; to June, a dancing, instead of a plodding girlhood.

As for Tom, eyes lifted to the glory of Joe di Maggio, ball player, she leaves him unimpressed with the importance of being Sawyer.

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By the Grace of Georgie

(Continued from page 27)

any given circumstances he would give you this answer—"instinct." To be honest, in reality, it's only an exaggerated, upside-down form of just what George, himself, would do or say. For George is just that funny, while Gracie is logical enough to know that George knows his Gracie far, far better than she does.

People, in droves everywhere, are constantly amazed to discover that Gracie has no part whatsoever in writing her dialogue. The day before she appears before a microphone, or a camera, her lines are placed in her hands for the first time. She reads just what's on the paper—and out comes Gracie Allen.

GEORGE has the final say over his co-workers, on every line and situation. And he stands or falls by his decisions. For instance, his gagmen insisted on calling Gracie's new home-grown play for her broadcast, "Gracie's Follies of 1938." George held out for "Miss Gracie Goes to Town" and stuck to it. "But it's the kind of title Gracie would like," George insisted, and that was that.

The framework used by Mr. Burns in the construction of his character is based on that age-old but ever-new theory of sense in nonsense. Lewis Carroll in his "Alice" exemplifies best this type of bewilderment when the March Hare attempts to correct the faulty watch of the Mad Hatter by advising the use of butter.

"I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," the Mad Hatter complains.

"It was the best butter," the March Hare meekly explains—and that logical

reply leaves the Mad Hatter with that vague empty feeling of something being wrong somewhere but what. That's the catch.

So it is with Gracie. Her strange unreasoning has a glimmer of sense to it. Just enough to make it all the more confusing all the way round.

"George," she'll say, "what hangs from the ceiling and beats a bass drum?"

George will gaze at her in undisguised disgust. "What hangs from the ceiling and beats a bass drum?" he'll snort.

"Don't tell me, don't tell me," Gracie comes back, "let me guess. Is it—"

"Gracie," George begins, "this is your riddle, not mine, and I'd say the answer is 'oh nuts.'"

"That's right, Georgie Porgie. That's the answer."

"Gracie, you mean to tell me the answer to what hangs from the ceiling and beats a bass drum is 'oh nuts'?"

"Well, it must be, Georgie Porgie. Everyone always gives that same answer."

WHICH leaves you and me and Burns back there with the Mad Hatter, trying to figure out what's wrong with this picture and why. For when you come right down to it, in that answer, the girl's got something. You can't deny it. "It's my opinion," Mr. Burns explained to me, "that three-fourths of the time, Gracie is right. It's we who are actually out of step."

At that, he may be right. At least the reaction of a certain portion of Gracie's public leads one to believe so. For in-

stance, there are those overly sensitive souls who chose to be wounded to the quick by Gracie's most innocent prattle.

"So," they write, "you think a broken leg is funny. You say your brother (heaven be merciful to Gracie's well-worn brother) has a broken leg and I'm supposed to laugh. Well, if you were suffering as I—" And on and on goes the tirade against Gracie's mythical brother and his equally mythical broken leg.

Or they'll write "We just sat down to dinner as you came on with your talk about spiders. None of us could eat a bite."

All this criticism is carefully read and digested and never again do Burns and Allen refer to an offensive topic if they can help it. Even at the heartbreaking sacrifice of many a good laugh.

If, for one instant, you think the public realizes or maybe wants to realize that in private life Gracie is far from the riotous Gracie of screen or radio, let me disillusion you for once and all. Gracie, herself, recounted to me the following incidents that prove this point.

In New York, her cook asked Mrs. Burns to please order a new rolling pin. Instead of telephoning, Gracie, who had other shopping to do, dropped into Macy's basement for the pin.

"I want a rolling pin, please," Gracie said to the clerk who looked up with a quick jerk of a blonde head.

A sudden peal of wild laughter brought that entire section of Mr. Macy's basement into focused attention. Cus-

tomers, recognizing Gracie, pressed closer. Clerks from the near-by rayon pantie counter departed their pantie posts for a better look. In two minutes the place was in a mild uproar. "Are you going to crack in Georgie's skull, Gracie?" a customer cried, while the others nearly died with laughter. And Mrs. Burns slowly fought her way through the fracas, rolling pin-less.

"If you think the rolling pin may have suggested a comical angle in their minds and therefore created the laughs," Gracie explained, "you should see me try to buy a yard of baby ribbon, or a package of safety pins, or a spool of thread."

THERE was the incident that took place in a Hollywood shop, for instance. Thinking to please Sandra, her baby daughter, with a new hair ribbon, Gracie stepped up and asked for two yards of two and one-half inch blue ribbon to be tied in a bow. The clerk stared a moment and immediately lost all control. Her convulsive heavings brought over the floorwalker. The clerk, who by this time was almost gone, could only point and sputter—something about "Gracie Allen—two—two and one-half inch—blue bow—she kills me."

She killed the floorwalker too. Never, in all their lives, they both declared, had they had such a laugh.

It happens every day and is no new diversion in the life of Gracie Allen Burns.

Newsboys on the street shout, "Hi, Gracie, how's your pa's new strait jacket?" and roar at their own jokes.

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Women at social gatherings rush over and gurgle, "My dear, I was saying only this morning to my daughter that if ever I saw another Gracie Allen, she's it. You should hear some of her dumb cracks."

And they beam at the compliments, hemstitched on both sides, they have just presented to a patient and understanding young woman whose mind at that very moment may be lingering in a rose-garlanded back garden with two babies who look up at Gracie and say: "Mama, I love you."

Of all the people in the world (and I repeat this for emphasis) that Gracie Allen Burns isn't, it's Gracie Allen. And not one single iota of the world's Gracie is ever, at any time, carried over to the wife of George Burns and the mother of their two children.

Let me give you, just for the comparison of your own conception of the real Gracie Allen, the true and unvarnished picture of this amazing woman who daily and weekly creates entertainment for millions of people the world over. Perhaps it will convey to us more clearly the wonderful job done by George Burns in the creation of his slap-happy, care-free character, who has absolutely no basis, no pattern or form in the real Gracie Allen to go by.

There is a quality about Gracie that tugs and pulls at the very heartstrings. An old-fashioned, simple, unbelievably unworldly something of which the world knows nothing.

After years and years of stage work on vaudeville tours, screen and radio, Gracie is the most completely untheatrical woman in existence. There is none of this theater-in-the-blood business with Gracie. She never discusses

stage or its people in her own home or in anyone else's.

If George said tomorrow—"We're through forever,"—not a ripple of anguish at losing the world's spotlight would find so much as a shadow in her heart. She'd merely put on her ultra-smart hat and go shopping.

Shopping! What a word that is to Gracie. Shopping! Ah me, there's the sport of sports and the joy of joys. But wait. Even in that, Gracie Allen displays that paradoxical something that's hard to believe in a woman who has made gobs of money but who somehow has never become conscious of it. All the joys of simple living, planning, dreaming are still hers. Boredom in possessing has escaped her, leaving her free to thrill to a new frock, a new clip, even a pair of simple black slippers.

As a preliminary to a shopping spree, if one can call her mild adventures in purchasing a spree, she'll first saunter slowly and methodically before the shop's windows. Noting this article and that. Comparing prices. This may consume the greater part of the day and the actual purchasing may be reserved for another time. But once having decided and having purchased, her emotions are divided equally into two divisions: (a) joy; (b) panic.

The joy over a new clip, when there are so many, many clips in the world, is something to warm the heart and revive decaying enthusiasm in just things.

The panic that inevitably follows the joy is one of the strangest of all quirks in the make-up of this amazing woman.

A quick rush of feet along a hotel hallway, and Bill Burns knows that Gracie is on her way to that famous hotel conference room where Bill, the Burns' business manager, has his office.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE Camera PRIZE WINNERS

Here is the list of prize winners who took the pictures on pages 42-43.

\$5.00—(first prize) J. R. Cicchetti, 19 Channing Road, Watertown, Mass.
\$3.00—(three pictures) Madeline Nueske, 1521 East 96th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
\$2.00—(two pictures) Mrs. Helen McClendon, 110 Cornell St., Albuquerque, N. Mex.
\$1.00—(one picture) Helen Bradley, 4123 171 St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.
\$1.00—(one picture) Nadya Pashkovsky, 560 W. 144th St., New York, N. Y.
\$1.00—(one picture) Curte Callahan, 14½ East Third St., Frederick, Md.
\$1.00—(one picture) Frances L. Keene, 227 South Benton Way, Los Angeles, Calif.
\$1.00—(one picture) Audrey Frost, 2308 Walter St., Huntington Park, Calif.
\$1.00—(one picture) Helen Coyne, 4130 77 St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.
\$1.00—(one picture) Anton Lonek, Jr., 11½ West 84th St., New York, N. Y.
\$1.00—(one picture) Mrs. Floyd Hoskinson, 1621 N. Kildare Ave., Chicago, Ill.
\$1.00—(one picture) Vincent E. Haley, Box 2451, Houston, Texas.

Did you ever photograph a movie star? In Hollywood? Or out of Hollywood? Did you ever grab-shot any movie event that made good picture? PHOTOPLAY will buy those pictures of yours. We'll pay \$5.00 for the best of the month and \$1.00 each for any other we publish. Please send letter telling where and when the picture was taken. Send them in addressed to

RUTH WATERBURY, Editor, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

FILL OUT THIS FORM AND SEND IT (OR AN EXACT COPY) WITH EACH PHOTOGRAPH SUBMITTED

I hereby submit this photograph of (describe briefly)

to PHOTOPLAY, for whatever price the editors decide it is worth, and I permit and authorize Macfadden Publications, Inc., to publish said photograph in one or more of its magazines at any time, if acceptable. I warrant that I have the legal right so to submit it.

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AVOID MISFIT MAKEUP... unrelated cosmetics that cannot possibly look well together... or on you. You'll look younger, lovelier when you wear Marvelous Makeup... for it's makeup that matches... powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara, in color harmonized sets. And it's makeup that matches you... for it's keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this eye-matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have

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THE PRICE IS LOW... and you needn't wait to buy a complete set. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, or face powder... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

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My eyes are Name _____
Blue Brown Address _____
Gray Hazel City _____ State _____

They spend Fortunes to find FRESH FACES



O.G. spends Fortunes to give you
FRESH CIGARETTES

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of

Cellophane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it . . . but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will . . . in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made . . . and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscops every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

"Look Bill," she'll say, "Nat (her own name for George) is going to be furious when the bill comes in this month. I bought a new dress, Bullock's Wilshire. Bill, I'm scared to death."

"How much is it?" Bill asks.

"Seventy-nine dollars and eighty-five cents," comes the reply with a cross between a sigh and a groan. Bill turns to the window and looks down Vine street at the glitter and pomp of a show-off town and one corner of his lip curls up in a strange little smile that seems so out of place with the moisture in his eyes.

SEVENTY-NINE dollars and eighty-five cents in the life of a woman who earns, every year, a man-sized fortune.

"Maybe," Bill Burns told me while George nodded in approval, "it will be a matter of forty-eight bath towels that George himself sent out, for Gracie to see before purchasing. Even then she'll worry over the bill. What Nat might say?"

The thing that adds piquancy to this incident told me by these two men is the fact that never in his entire life as Gracie's husband has George once complained of a bill. Never once. But fixed in that mind of Gracie's is the Victorian idea it's the man who pays and pays and the least she can do is worry about it.

It's Mr. Burns' contention that this one characteristic alone cites the vast difference between the two Gracies.

"My Gracie (and he refers to his own imaginary Gracie, naturally) worries over nothing," he explained. "Her father may be, and almost always is serving time in one of our better institutions, her brother just two jumps ahead of solitary confinement and herself in a fine pickle and so what? It never touches her. Never fazes her. So certainly the matter of a few dozen bath towels or a new dress wouldn't mean a single thing in her life."

The reserved quiet charm of Mrs. Burns in her own home and her love and understanding of her two children are wonderful to see. Her fine appreciation of humor is exemplified by the rich, full interpretation she gives to the reading of her lines. Conveying to all listeners the message that no one gets more enjoyment out of Gracie than just Mrs. Burns herself.

She has never attained that I'm-a-star-so-give-me-service attitude. She never demands or expects more than any ordinary woman in the ordinary walks of life expects or demands. She is a devoted wife and mother, an intelligent, well-read woman with a well-informed mind.

"Gracie even sings like an old-fashioned girl," George beams, "and is one of those rare women who is not sex-conscious." And I thought I detected a murmured "God bless her heart" as he finished speaking.

She's little. And has an idea that people are out pretty much to shove her around. On purpose, too.

Once in a shop elevator in Hollywood with Mrs. Benny, Gracie let go into a near-by stomach an elbow dig that practically winded the stomach's owner for five full minutes. "There," she snorted, "that will teach a big man like you to shove me around."

In contrast to the screen or radio Gracie who attempts anything, in private life Gracie is pretty firmly convinced she can't do anything. When it came time for the minuet dance in "College Holiday," George approached the subject tactfully.

"I can't do it. I can't do it," Gracie began while George shushed her down. "I'm not worried about your doing it," George moaned. "Can Ben Blue do it, that's what has me down."

Once the attention was taken from herself and focused, as she supposed, on Ben Blue who could dance a fandango with a potato bug, she was all right.

The same with her marvelous dancing with Fred Astaire in "Damsel in Distress." Once Fred pretended it was George's dancing he was worried over and not hers, her fears were over.

Again in direct contrast to her unawareness of George's screen and radio insults, which roll off Gracie like butterballs, she is quick to resent an intentional insult in real life.

A masher on Broadway once felt the lash of Gracie's rebuke. Gracie's "The very idea—you—you big clout—you" resembling not a little yesterday's rebuke of "How dare you, sir?" as delivered by Gracie. The masher may still be gaping in the same spot for all Gracie knows.

She is chic and smart in her clothes. And this year she was voted by the University of Southern California one of the brainiest women of the year. Their contention being she'd have to be smart to build success on lunacy.

But, you see, they didn't know down there at the University that Gracie Allen has little or nothing to do with the actual establishment of that screwball Gracie. That a man named Burns, George Burns, deserves that wreath of laurel for giving to the public a delightful dumb Dora. One who furnishes a weary world with endless cheer and countless laughs. While the real Gracie, at that exact moment of cheer-giving, may be thinking to herself, "Oh dear, wait till he sees next month's bills."



Two cute copycats are Ronnie and Sandra—the younger members of the Burns and Allen family, and two important reasons why George and Gracie are a pair of homebodies

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 51)

learned, "Joanie pants" makes tea for big Joan. "What are you cooking now?" Joan asked her one afternoon. "I'm making you a little cake," the busy cook said. "It should be good, Baby. I'm making it out of soap powder and salt."

"Did you ever think of adopting her?" we asked Joan.

Her eyes grew wide and serious. "Oh, I couldn't do that," she said, "she belongs to her mother."

Liquidating Tyrone

TYRONE POWER may be at M-G-M, appearing opposite Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette," but don't believe for a moment that Tyrone has forgotten his home lot, Twentieth Century-Fox. When the two studios recently engaged in an inter-studio basketball game, young Powers bet plenty on the boys from his Westwood lot. One of the most amusing bets he lost in this contest was to Director Woody Van Dyke, who bet him coffee for the cast and crew for the remaining time of the picture. So, every day, Tyrone shells out for thirty gallons of coffee. And what makes it the more heartbreaking, confides Tyrone, is the fact that M-G-M is sponsoring a coffee show on the airlines each week, where they must get their coffee for nothing.

Big Ten Doings

Shirley Temple: despite all the rumors and reports to the contrary, Shirley Temple will not make a picture with the Dionne Quints. Her next picture, "Little Miss Broadway," will be in the works by the time you read this.

Clark Gable: after balking for eighteen weeks, Clark finally went into "Test Pilot," and is having more fun making this picture than any he has done in years. Four different location trips to surrounding airports were just pleasure jaunts to Gable. He spent hours with the regular pilots, mechanics and aero-engineers. His g.f. (Carol Lombard) is having a three months vacation from the screen and spending plenty of time on the Gable sets.

Robert Taylor: if Bob makes all the pictures his studio has scheduled for him in their respective order, he will be the busiest actor in town. "Three Comrades" will no doubt be under way soon. Bob proved his mettle as a true friend to his lady fair, Barbara Stanwyck, during her recent court battling, even offering to take the witness stand in her behalf.

Bing Crosby: this has been a very lucky month for the crooning star. His fourth son was born, and those nags in his Santa Anita stable continue to romp home in the prize money to swell the Crosby coffer.

William Powell: the travel bug has bitten Bill again and he talks of a forthcoming trip to Mexico and South America. Since Powell has not, as yet, come to terms with his studio, he is footloose and contract free. So his talked-of wanderings to far-off lands may become realities soon.

Jane Withers: this little box-office champ has a new hideaway mountain lodge at Lake Arrowhead where she will spend most of her time between pictures in the future.

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: the dancing wizard arrived back in Hollywood this month, following his Eastern vacation, all set to begin work in the scheduled Astaire-Rogers film. But Fred is having a longer vacation than

he thought. You see, poor Ginger is so head-over-heels in work, what with finishing "Vivacious Lady," and redoing a portion of "Having Wonderful Time," that it's impossible for the studio to get Fred back into the harness for a while. Sonja Henie: the little skater's income-tax figures are really going to cut some ice in next year's report, what with breaking all attendance records in every city where she has held her skating exhibitions.

Gary Cooper: Gary and his wife pulled a surprise on Hollywood when they packed their trunks secretly, kissed their offspring good-bye, and started off on an extended vacation rest and second-honeymoon trip which will probably land them in Italy.

Myrna Loy: working on the first picture of her new contract with Metro, Myrna Loy was being whisked to a San Diego location of "Test Pilot" in a studio car when another car, darting out of a cross-road, caused Myrna's driver to swerve from the road and all but wreck the machine in which she was riding. The incident was hushed up, but Miss Loy and her studio realized how narrowly the famous star had escaped serious injury.

Cheap at 55

WE'VE heard of ambitious fans, but we'll have to doff our chapeau to a young Boston girl named Parsons who succeeded in getting Deanna Durbin on the long-distance telephone and talking \$55 worth to her.

Hearing Deanna would soon make a radio appearance in New York, the young girl asked her to try to get down to Boston to be her house guest. And the strange part about it is that Deanna was so impressed at her young fan's sincerity that she has asked her parents if they can't get down to Boston for a day to look up Miss Mildred Parsons.

Bits and Bitters

THE latest prank played by Carole Lombard on Clark Gable concerns the monstrous sheep dog Clark gave her as a gift. While Clark was in San Diego on location, Carole had a dog house built for her pet and proudly led Gable out to see it when he returned. One look, and Clark almost swooned, for at the windows of the dog house were cream-colored Venetian blinds with organdie drapes. A dotted-swiss draped dressing table set with dainty bottles of flea powder and dog brushes stood in one corner. Taffeta cushions were scattered about while the dog, tied up with pink bows, reclined on a blue rug. Speechless for one whole minute, Clark at last let out a howl of laughter. Now the gagged-up dog house has gone to the neighbor's children for a playhouse. Mr. Sheep Dog is sleeping—under Carole's house.

Bette Davis' father-in-law, visiting Bette and Ham in Hollywood, thinks (out loud) that Bette is the finest actress in pictures, but Bette (gorgeous-sense-of-humor Davis) says he keeps looking at Olivia de Havilland while he's saying it.

Bette denies she's having a baby.

June Lang, her mama and A. C. Blumenthal spend many a Saturday night riding the beach merry-go-rounds. Imagine going around and around and around with A. C. Blumenthal and mama on a merry-go-round. Does it add up to you?

*This new cream
with "Skin-Vitamin"
does More than Ever
for your skin*



"Always a grand softener
and powder base..."

**NOW A
NOURISHING
CREAM, TOO!"**

The Countess de la Falaise

says: "I've always felt I couldn't do without Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and overnight. Now, it's simply magical. In 3 weeks it has made my skin seem finer, livelier!"

TODAY something new is possible
in beauty creams! A thing not
dreamed of only a few years ago!

One of the vitamins has been found
to be a special aid to the skin. This
vitamin is now known to heal wounds
and ugly burns—quicker! It even
prevents infections in wounds!

And this "skin-vitamin" you are
now getting in Pond's Vanishing
Cream.

You have always used Pond's Vanishing Cream for melting away skin flakiness and making skin smooth for powder. Now this famous cream brings added benefits.

Keep on using it as you always
have. After a few weeks, just see

how much better your skin looks—
clearer, fresher!

In Pond's Vanishing Cream, this precious "skin-vitamin" is now carried right to the skin. It actually nourishes the skin! Improves its texture. This is not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the vitamin that especially helps to maintain skin beauty.

Same Jars . . . same Labels . . . same Price
Get a jar of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream tomorrow. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Women who have tried it say they're "just crazy" about it.



**SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!**

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 15-VR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

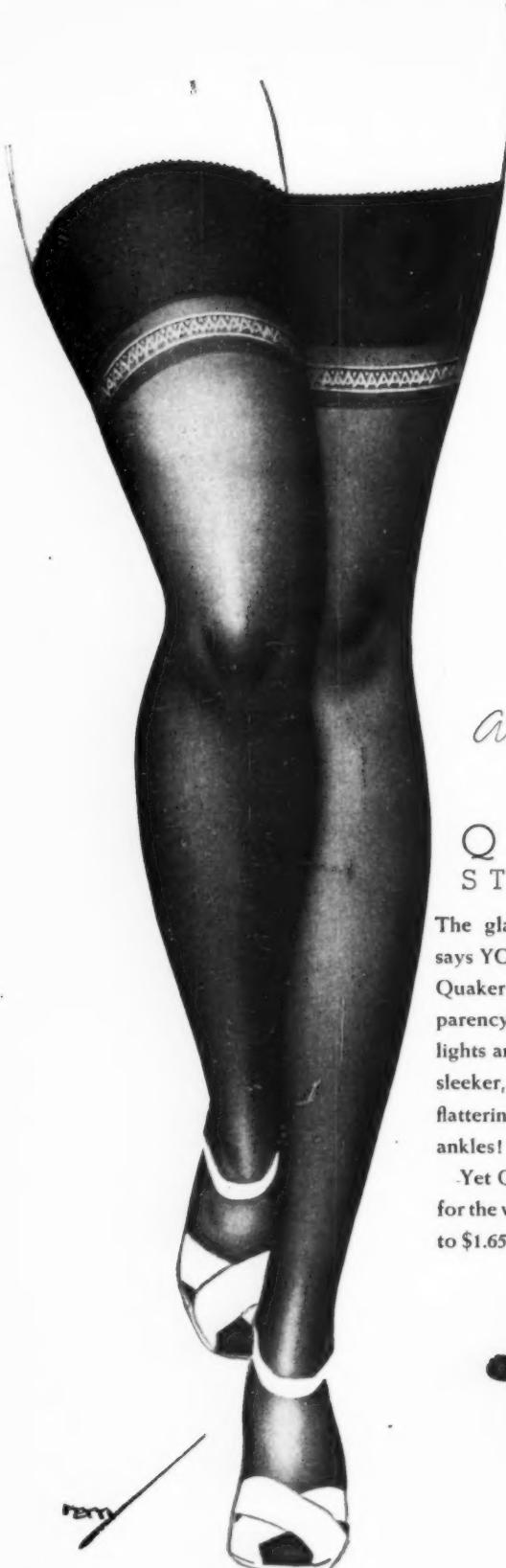
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The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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Mrs. P. B. of Eldorado, Ill., writes: "I feel like a new person! I lost 48 pounds, thanks to the Dexrose Method. I feel better and have a better complexion. I have never been so happy."

"Dexrose Method has done wonders for me. I lost 40 pounds and haven't felt so well in years."

FREE TRIAL OFFER

SEND NO MONEY! Write today for **FREE OFFER** and make liberal **7 Days Guaranteed Trial**. Prove you can prove it. Getting graceful body—learning by **DEXTOSE FOOD Method** has been hailed as miracle in reducible fat reduction. Don't wait—write today for **FREE OFFER**.

JACQUELINE WHITE
834 N. Clark Street, Dept. C-17, Chicago, Illinois



Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

Long live Walt Disney, so that he may produce more of these delightful fairy tales that are so thoroughly enjoyed by the old and the young.

LUCILLE BRUBAKER,
Huntington Park, California.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5.00

WELL, LIVE AND LEARN

A toast to Kirtley Baskette, whose recent article in PHOToplay has made me Gene Autry conscious. After reading his story I suddenly realized that it had been a long time since I attended a weekly Western with my ten-cent six shooter on my hip. And, taking it from Mr. Baskette, I'd been missing something.

I noticed that a Gene Autry picture was being shown in town. Here was a chance to see, hear and pass judgment on the much-acclaimed cowboy. I sneaked into the theater falling very ancient and sheepish among an army of youngsters. Through two entire shows I sat entranced in the midst of whistling cowboy enthusiasts, watching and falling under the spell of the tall blond Texan. Well, he was good, he could sing, and he certainly did register.

Result, one more Gene Autry fan—which equals one sleepless night composing a request for a photograph. Thanks for the tip, Kirtley Baskette; Gene Autry certainly has "got something there."

HELEN HOWARD,
Wilmington, Del.

\$1.00 PRIZES

COMRADES! MORE SOLIDARITY!

"Tovarich" was shown for us on shipboard (the *Normandie*) yesterday, and I'm mad enough to chew nails! They take a play, light, charming and entertaining in itself, and make it into just another routine movie. They squeeze out all the gay flavor until there's nothing left but slapstick of the "My Man Godfrey" and its twin schools.

The rowdies stealing Claudette Col-

bert's vegetables, the supernoisiness of the *Dupont* family, the numbskull group of guests at a *Dupont* dinner—all of these are false notes. Just one more not-too-dull picture—too bad!

MARIAN E. SMITH,
Paris, France.

After seeing that scatterbrained, hilarious but still dignified "Tovarich," I had to sit down and let off a little steam.

Before now, I always thought of Charles Boyer as "just another Frenchman," but I have to say now he's swell-elegant! As a butler he's perfect and as a Romeo he's romance personified. Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert together make this one of the most amusing comedies on record.

VIVIAN SCHNEIDER,
Sioux City, Iowa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

OUR CONGRATULATIONS

The picture "Navy Blue and Gold" may not receive the Academy Award, it may not even receive honorable mention by the critics, but it will always live in the memory of a bachelor girl down in Tennessee. I entered the theater that memorable evening, tired, disgruntled and blue. Immediately I found myself, a nobody who had never witnessed a big football game, right on the 45 yard line, pulling with my all for Navy, for Jimmie Stewart, Robert Young and Tom Brown. In my wild excitement I beat my hands and chewed my nails, absolutely unconscious of anyone in the theater.

Suddenly, someone from somewhere touched my arm and I looked into the warmest eyes, just another excited lonely soul. Together we shared the picture once again.

The wedding will be in March, and let me assure the cast of that picture, that the entire color scheme will be "Navy Blue and Gold."

FRANCIS BILLIS,
Nashville, Tenn.



Come the day of television, and you will only have to turn a dial to see as well as hear the prime favorites of the world—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy come into your living room. Can you bear waiting a few years?

Released without any special fanfare or ballyhoo, M-G-M's "Navy Blue and Gold" turned out to be one of the surprise pictures of the year, combining as it did a dramatic story of the "middies" everyday life authentically backgrounded at Annapolis, and the glories of big-time football. Commander Harvey S. Haslip, U.S.N. retired, personally supervised the conduct of the principals, inspected the uniforms and insignia. The cast was supplemented by many former All-Americans, including "Cotton Warburton" who quarterbacked U.S.C. and Pat Flaherty, formerly a star end of the professional Giants. The picture was previewed by the Naval Board, and is supposed to represent the most accurate picture of Annapolis ever presented on the screen.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A THOUSAND TIMES YES!

Ruth Waterbury was quite right in February's "Close Ups and Long Shots" when she pointed out that producers are spending too much money on their recent pictures.

You producers have been feeding us so many chocolates that we would more than welcome a few old-fashioned peppermint sticks. You remind me of extravagant parents who overindulge their children with expensive toys—toys accepted with delight, but soon disregarded for the joys of a kitchen pie pan or the gardener's watering pot.

Mr. Producer, we your public should be regarded as your children. Don't you believe us when we tell you that well-directed but simple pictures would be appreciated by us as much as the costly glamorous affairs which you have turned out so profusely during the past year?

PAT CASSIDY,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

\$1.00 PRIZE

SWEET AS A SONG

The charm and unsophistication of youth was never more exemplified than during Deanna Durbin's visit to her grandmother in Canada at the completion of her picture, "One Hundred Men and a Girl."

"Granny" lives in the village of St. Vital, five miles from Winnipeg, and Deanna insisted she would sleep with "Granny" in the five-room cottage on an unpaved road within a stone's throw of the Chinese market gardens.

The Royal Suite of Winnipeg's finest hotel was reserved for Canada's greatest artist, but, scorning the luxury of this palatial hotel, Deanna drove straight to her grandmother's humble abode, and slept there overnight, to the delightful astonishment of the common folk of the village who still talk of this

event, the greatest in the history of the community.

I hope and trust that Deanna will always retain that simplicity which endears her to the hearts of those of us living in this cold northern climate, and that she will never forget that she is one of us.

GAIL HALL,
St. Vital, Manitoba, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WELCOME, "WELLS FARGO"

I saw "Wells Fargo" and think it is a greater picture than either "The Covered Wagon" or "Cimarron."

I feel that those not fortunate enough to have seen this great colorful story of the early American West have truly missed seeing one of the most glorious and thrilling periods in the country's history depicted upon the screen.

"Wells Fargo" not only pays high tribute to the gallant courage of the pioneer men and women who connected California with the East, but tells a dramatic, vivid story of the growth of the West from sprawling settlement trading posts to the magnificent cities that the whole civilized world has come to envy and admire. Being a soldier, I can fully appreciate the big part that the motion-picture industry is playing in making our great country the standout that it is.

H. J. MERRY,
Headquarters Battery, 6th C.A.
Fort Winfield Scott, California.

\$1.00 PRIZE

WE CALL IT A CHUCKLE

What's in a laugh? Plenty if you ask me—and Irene Dunne. If you saw "Theodora Goes Wild" and "The Awful Truth," you probably think as I do, that it was not Irene Dunne who stole both pictures, it was her laugh! Such a charming, poignant, outstanding laugh, expressing everything that a laugh should express—joy, happiness, mischief, comedy—everything! That laugh (or was it a giggle?) carried me away with Irene Dunne in both pictures and made me feel as natural toward her as if I had been acting out the roles myself. Let's have more of Irene Dunne—and that laugh!

RUTH ROUTHIER,
Orlando, Florida.

Miss Dunne's many admirers will soon have another chance to hear her mirth when her new picture, "The Joy of Loving," is released. Those funny people, Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee and Eric Blore will be around, too, in case Irene should feel downhearted. The moral of "Joy of Loving" is that Love is more important than money. That's really an idea if you stop to think!

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 56)

perennial comebacks Rudy Vallee inflicts on Hollywood. One of these days, though, and maybe this time, Rudy's going to make one stick.

There's not a blush in a bushel where they're shooting some process stuff for "Men Are Such Fools." (Oh yeah? They'll have to change that title!) As we poke inside, a familiar scene looms. It's Priscilla Lane sitting on Wayne Morris' lap. They sit there and gaze at movies flickering and flashing on the big screen—that is, when they aren't looking at each other. A train hurtles down the track.

"Here it comes," says Wayne. "This is the shot. Now I'm in the auto parked across the tracks—"

"Let's rehearse your lines," cuts in Busby Berkeley. "You yell, 'Wait a minute—will you marry me?'—got it?"

"Sure," says Wayne. He looks at Priscilla perched on his knee. "Wait a minute," he shouts, "will you marry me?"

"Yes!" yells Priscilla.

"Hey," protests Berkeley, "that's not in the script."

"I know it," replies Priscilla Lane, "—but give a girl a break, won't you?"

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S Lucky in love?



Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion . . . win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited—I know, because I've seen it happen. Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise, a more radiant personality?

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT— 20th Century-Fox

SHANGHAI, during the air raids, is the breath-taking backdrop for speedy action and sinister intrigue in this tale of smuggled arms. George Sanders, gentleman of fortune, finds himself the target of spies who are after the ammunition. It's Dolores Del Rio, lovely café singer, who finally saves Sanders' life and foils the villains. Dick Baldwin and June Lang furnish a romance, too.

THE SPY RING—Universal

WILLIAM HALL is the army hero of this spy story, and the melodrama which encircles him is at least fast and gripping. Having invented a new machine gun, Hall discovers that his polo-playing rivals are enemy spies; so he ingeniously creates a method by which the polo results lead him to the leader of the ring. Jane Wyman aids Hall and Leon Ames and Ben Alexander are tossed an occasional scene. There is a timely entente with current headlines in the subplot.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME—Monogram

THE sole reason for seeing this view of happenings south of the Mason Dixon is to hear the Hall Johnson Choir of famed negro singers, who manage to hold your ear when your eyelids droop.

Larry Blair (Grant Richards) has been sponsoring a young singer, who, forthwith on his announcing his marriage to *Lisbeth Calvert* (Evelyn Venable), tries to poison herself. She succeeds in only blinding *Larry*. Matriarchal *Granny Blair* puts on a centennial to celebrate the founding of *Blair's Molasses Company*. Much running around; everybody sacrifices himself on the altar of love; and guess what—*Larry* recovers his sight. Molasses from start to finish.

CHANGE OF HEART—20th Century-Fox

LOVE here finds a novel way to take the conceit out of a misguided young executive with a swelled head; the result is but mildly entertaining. Gloria Stuart is the girl who uses cupid as Bergen employs McCarthy; Michael Whalen is the one who profits by the experiment. Jane Darwell and Lyle Talbot plod along. Two-bit material.

THE BLACK DOLL—Universal

MYSTERY and lowdown comedy abound in this the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempts of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a murder he committed years before. When *The Black Doll* mysteriously appears in his home, Gordon is suddenly exterminated. Nan Grey, as the daughter of Gordon's victim, has been directed to a superior performance. Donald Woods, playing the sleuth who captures the criminal, seems lackadaisical. Edgar Kennedy is simply hysterical.

PENROD AND HIS TWIN BROTHER—Warners

AGAIN Penrod, the classic American small boy, comes ambling along to

please the kids and amuse the adults. In this one Bobby Mauch is complemented by his twin, Billy, in a mix-up over two dogs. As usual the neighborhood gang, organized as young G-Men, get involved with real gangsters. Over-sentimental and fairly preposterous but adjusted to the small-town audience.

DOUBLE DANGER—RKO-Radio

ANOTHER fascinating crook, known as *The Gentleman*, takes his place to baffle everyone in sight. Preston Foster plays *The Gentleman* with great charm while Whitney Bourne makes a most attractive accomplice. Samuel H. Hinds as the police commissioner and Donald Meek, as a jeweler, are on Foster's trail. But Foster is so doggone nice nobody wants him caught. A fine thing for the morals of the young, tck, tck, tck.

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

THE polish of Melvyn Douglas in the rôle of the famous French "Raffles," overcomes an antiquated story of missing jewels. Douglas, as *Arsene Lupin*, a reformed thief, finds himself drawn into the limelight when the emerald of his lady love Virginia Bruce is stolen. With the aid of American detective, Warren William, Douglas proves his innocence. It's light, average cinema.

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

HERE, at least, is a picture with an idea, even if it disappoints as a musical. Humphrey Bogart brings champion wrestler Nat Pendleton to the hill country and matches him with Louise Fazenda, Amazon blacksmith. Nat's characterization of a sub-moron is magnificent; there are a lot of laughs, some good hillbilly music, and a fine "Big Apple" sequence.



Clark Gable and his g.f. (Carole Lombard) were among the many stars present at the Ted Healy Benefit

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ HITTING A NEW HIGH—RKO—Radio

Lily Pons lifts this none too brilliant comedy to a high level of entertainment. As a cabaret singer with operatic ambitions she coaxes E. E. Horton into thinking she's a bird girl from Africa. This setup allows Miss Pons to wear exotic costumes, sing both swing songs and classical arias with delicious results. John Howard is her heart trouble. Jack Oakie is around for laughs. (Feb.)

★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warners

This is a potpourri of music and buffoonery put over with abundant, but not too brilliant enthusiasm by Dick Powell, the Lane Sisters, Lola and Rosemary, Louella Parsons and her radio clan, including Frances Langford. The happiest contributions are Bennie Goodman's swing band, and Raymond Paige's arrangement of "Black Eyes." Noisy fun. (March)

★ HURRICANE, THE—Sam Goldwyn—United Artists

With a wind machine for a star and the Pacific for a set, Director John Ford has concocted a stunning picture of adventure and love among the natives of the South Seas. Newcomer Jon Hall shows ability as well as most of his excellent anatomy; Dorothy Lamour is beautiful as his Island princess; the star-studded cast includes Raymond Massey, Mary Astor and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane is awe-inspiring. You mustn't miss it. (Jan.)

★ I'LL TAKE ROMANCE—Columbia

Grace Moore's new romantic film with opera salad is her best since "One Night of Love." Guided by her domineering aunt, Helen Westley, Grace tries monkey business to get out of a contract, falls in love instead with impresario Melvyn Douglas. Miss Moore sings both popular and operatic airs with vocal and physical appeal. (March)

★ IN OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

The legend of Mrs. O'Leary's cow is God's gift to Darryl Zanuck who has here achieved a gift picture of Chicago's early days before the famous fire of 1871. The whole fighting clan of O'Learys, Mother Alice Brady, sons Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Tom Brown, live, love and learn in the midst of many colorful figures. The holocaust itself is breath-taking, and the huge cast, including Alice Faye and Andy Devine, superlative. Save your pennies and go. (March)

LADY BEHAVE—Republic

Somewhere between the newsreel and the main feature you will watch Sally Eilers getting into awful trouble—and romance—because of her sister. This one, already married to Joseph Schildkraut, gets tight, marries Neil Hamilton. Sally does a good comedy job and Marcia Mae Jones is really very funny. (March)

LADY FIGHTS BACK, THE—Universal

The natural scenic beauty here far surpasses the story of a girl (Irene Hervey) who fights when her favorite fishing haunts is threatened by the industrial engineering of Kent Taylor. The dam is built, the salmon are saved, the lovers are happy. Some fun, eh? (Jan.)

★ LAST GANGSTER, THE—M-G-M

Edward G. Robinson returns once more to the rôle that made him famous in this magnificently effective but somewhat brutal picture. Returning from Europe with his bride, he discovers rivals muscling in, kills them, goes to prison, is finally forced to disgorge his hoarded gold to save his wife and son. Rose Stradner, the new Viennese actress, is exceptional; the cast, including Jimmy Stewart, Douglas Scott and Lionel Stander, extremely able. (Jan.)

★ LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—M-G-M

A smart and wisecracking comedy which idealizes art for art's sake and scoffs at filthy lucre, this has Bob Montgomery marrying heiress Rosalind Russell. Fame and a scheming Helen Vinson almost ruin his marriage, but Bob Benchley, his faithful but boozey friend, finally rights matters. All the performances are superior. (Jan.)

LIVING ON LOVE

You'll enjoy this smart little story of a working boy, James Dunn, and a working girl, Whitney Bourne, who share the same basement room without ever seeing one another. When they eventually meet, the fireworks begin. It's fun. (Jan.)

LOOK OUT FOR LOVE—GB

Tullio Carminati's many admirers will welcome him back as the hero of this complicated tale whereby Anna (Queen Victoria) Neagle rises from a street singer to world-renowned dancer through Tullio's sacrificial efforts. Robert Douglas is a brazen and handsome villain. There are some swellish singable songs. (Feb.)

(Continued on page 98)

LAST MINUTE REVIEWS

★ A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER—Warners

"NOTHING SACRED" started the new, and amazing cycle of pictures in which a kind of morbid humor is squeezed from the tragedy of death. "True Confession" followed. This present picture, an outrageously funny farce of gangsters, is by far the most successful. Adapted from the stage play, it creates almost constant laughter; as a reflection on the modern trend of American wit the deepest hilarity comes with murder.

The story concerns the plight of Edward G. Robinson and his low-brow but big-hearted wife, Ruth Donnelly, in their efforts to go respectable with the coming of Repeal. The try fails, naturally, because essential vulgarity keeps popping out. There is mortgage trouble in Robinson's brewery, and romantic trouble in his house, when his daughter, Jane Bryan, gets engaged to a state trooper. Sensational sub-plots, too involved to recite here, stumble over each other. Willard Parker, newcomer, is nice as the trooper; Bobby Jordan, Allen Jenkins and others support. The whole thing is colossal satire, beautifully executed, mad and shocking and (most important) supremely funny.

Best performances:

Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly

★ OF HUMAN HEARTS—M-G-M

INVESTED with legitimate emotion by Bradbury Foote's excellent writing and Clarence Brown's direction, this gentle and sincere picture is serious cinema at its best. It tells of a minister and his family who come to a pioneer town; the son is unhappy because of their poor circumstances and the discipline of his father. Despite the wife's efforts to keep peace, the boy runs away to be a surgeon. He succeeds because of his family's endless sacrifices, but heartlessly forgets these benefits until President Lincoln, as recorded in the famous story, lectures him into repentance.

Easily the finest performance in what amounts to an orgy of great portrayals is that of the mother, by Beulah Bondi; Walter Huston manages to be sympathetic as the relentlessly moral preacher. Young Gene Reynolds plays the boy rebel with memorable finesse. You will see again the incomparable technique that makes Jimmy Stewart one of Hollywood's finest actors; Guy Kibbee, Sterling Holloway and Gene Lockhart assist ably. The little romantic interest extant is supplied by Ann Rutherford. You will miss much if you miss "Of Human Hearts."

Best performances:

Beulah Bondi James Stewart
Gene Reynolds

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LOOK OUT. MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

Our little Japanese detective, Peter Lorre, has to look out for everyone including himself in this hokum tale of high treason, murder and the mishaps of newsreel men in Siam. Rochelle Hudson, Robert Kent and Chick Chandler are around. (Jan.)

★ LOVE AND HISSES—20th Century-Fox

Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie return with gusto to another battle of wits and half-wits and music and gags, built around a foreign star, Simone Simon, whose abilities each take credits for. Much hilarity goes on; the new Gordon and Revel tunes are a delight; and Simone Simon shoplifts the picture with her exceptional singing. Elegant. (March)

★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Republic

When a gangster buys a recording company and is torn between his passion for jazz and his mother's love for opera, amusing and exciting things should happen—and do. Leo Carrillo, Tamara Geva, Phil Regan, Ann Dvorak and four big-name bands go to town in rollicking rhythm. A-1 sauce for your glooms. (Feb.)

★ MAN-PROOF—M-G-M

Without the delicious humor of Myrna Loy this would be a dull conversation piece about a young emotionally uninvolved girl in love with a young rake (Walter Pidgeon). When he marries Rosalind Russell, Myrna sets out to get him back—with astonishing results. Franchot Tone lurks in the background. A lulu because of Loy. (March)

★ MANNEQUIN—M-G-M

Again Joan Crawford is magnificently the shop girl, who, by beauty and brains overcomes a hideous environment and an unfortunate marriage to black-mailer Alan Curtis, to emerge chin high to happiness with Spencer Tracy. Joan looks stunning, does some nice singing; Tracy is staunch support. (March)

★ NAVY BLUE AND GOLD—M-G-M

Credit for this fine football picture backgrounded at Annapolis is due primarily to the fine performances of Robert Young, Jimmy Stewart and Tom Brown. Coming from very different environments, the boys finally adjust themselves to life and to each other. Billie Burke, Florence Rice and Lionel Barrymore each contribute splendidly. (Jan.)

★ NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

Aided by color, a Ben Hecht script and the deft direction of Bill Wyler, Carole Lombard and Freddie March have turned in a comedy drama that beats the best results of the nitwits schools, so far. The story revolves around a reporter who is in the doghouse with his editor, and his schemes to get out of same by developing the season's biggest front-page news out of a girl ostensibly at death's door. Satirical, sophisticated and screwy, it is among the ranking laugh films of all time. (Feb.)

OVER THE GOAL—Warners

Here is an antique yarn built around a college hero, William Hopper, who is called upon to decide between June Travis and his alma mater. He manages to have his cake and eat it too. Johnnie Davis' seat singing livens things up generally. (Jan.)

★ PORTIA ON TRIAL—Republic

An engrossing modern courtroom story based on a mother-love angle, but not too maudlin about it. Frieda Inescort is splendid as the criminal lawyer who successfully defends the killer of her ex-husband, wins back her own son by her brilliance and courage. Walter Abel and Ruth Donnelly are outstanding support. Worthwhile. (Jan.)

PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE—Universal

A slow-moving story of romance on the run. Henry Hunter, embezzler, deserts his sweetheart, flees to Wendy Barrie, a young doctor in Budapest, for protection from Detective Robert Kent, out to get his man. Guess who falls in love with whom? You're right. (March)

QUICK MONEY—RKO-Radio

For those who like homespun movies woven with sincere and familiar threads this story will be entertaining. Fred Stone and Berton Churchill battle for acting honors; the former defending small-town rights against a chiseling big-time promoter. A number of clever youngsters are in support. (Feb.)

★ ROSALIE—M-G-M

Metro spent almost \$2,000,000 on this and it ought to be pretty special. You get Nelson Eddy singing Cole Porter songs, Eleanor Powell's dancing and Frank Morgan's funny speech. If the garbled story of a West Pointer in love with a princess doesn't throw you for a loop, the colossal sets probably will. Better go anyway. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON—20th Century-Fox

Charming, amusing, utterly romantic, this again teams Tyrone (what a man!) Power and Loretta Young in a modern story of what the moon will do over Miami to an ex-husband meeting his ex-wife who has since remarried. Stu Erwin and Marjorie Weaver form a hilarious secondary team. Watch Weaver's star rise! (Jan.)

SH! THE OCTUPUS!—Warners

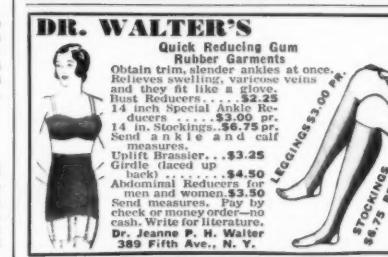
Screwball detectives Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert escort you through rapid and chill adventure in their search for the mysterious head of a spy combine. Most of the action is in a deserted light-house full of monsters, but the persistent comedy saves you from heart failure. Marshie Hunt and John Eldredge are around—just for instance. (Feb.)



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SHE LOVED A FIREMAN—Warners

There are a lot of thrills in this inside story of a modern fire company. Smart-aleck Dick Foran saves the life of Robert Armstrong, is brought off his high horse by Armstrong's sister, Ann Sheridan. Interesting and educational. (Jan.)

★ SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney-RKO-Radio

Walt Disney at long last brings his million-dollar fantasy to the screen, and his loving labor of three years is not lost. Mingling real characters (*Snow White, The Prince and the Witch Queen*) with delightful dwarfs and animals, he succeeds as marvelously in giving you great entertainment as he did with *Mickey Mouse* or *Donald Duck*. The color reproduction and the symphonic score are truly distinguished. We know you wouldn't miss it for worlds. (Feb.)

STORM IN A TEACUP—Korda-United Artists

This is an extremely funny, oftentimes hilarious piece about the deflation in ego of a pompous Scotch politician brought about by a young newsman in love with the Scot's daughter. Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh, Sara Allgood, in fact the entire cast, is perfection. Do go and see it. (Feb.)

★ SUBMARINE D-1—Warners

An accurate revelation of the dramatic thrills of the navy's undersea service, plus an elaborate production, plus the splendid acting of Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and George Brent and the whole Pacific fleet, add up to the best Navy picture on record. The masculine contingent will eat it up. (Feb.)

THANK YOU, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox

This twisted tale of intrigue in an Oriental locale fails to daunt the imperturbable *Moto*, who, aided by Thomas Beck, tracks down stolen Chinese scrolls, finishes off Sidney Blackmer in fine style. Pauline Frederick as a Chinese princess stands out. (Feb.)

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY—M-G-M

Three youngsters with entirely different viewpoints meet in a jockey's boardinghouse and later find their experiences fit them for the years ahead. Mickey Rooney steals the show that was intended to introduce Ronald Sinclair, a newcomer. Judy Garland and Sophie Tucker take care of the feminine interest and the music. One of the better B's. (Feb.)

THRILL OF A LIFETIME—Paramount

A pathetically thin story of a pair of hoofers trying to marry off the dumb *Dora* of their act, this hotchpotch begins nowhere and ends there. The Yacht Club Boys, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs and Ben Blue are all scrambled together in this. (Jan.)

★ TOVARICH—Warners

Brilliantly devised from the famous play, brilliantly played by Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, this depicts an incident in the lives of two titled Russians living in Paris after the Revolution. They hire out as butler and cook to a wild family, each member of which proceeds to fall variously in love with the new domestics. The suavest sort of drama combined with the new padded-cell variety of month. (Feb.)

★ TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

Enormously amusing because of the way it is played, but rather antisocial in theme, this depicts the misadventures of a congenital liar, Carole Lombard, who confesses to a murder she did not commit in order to give her struggling young lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray) some publicity. John Barrymore and Una Merkel are grand in secondary roles. (Jan.)

★ WELLS FARGO—Paramount

Magnificently staged against a panoramic background of American history—the growth of communications in the wild and early West—this is a human story of a young married couple's battle for happiness against the dangers of a growing nation. John McCrea and Frances Dee couldn't have been more superlatively cast. Bob Burns, Porter Hall and a large cast of superior actors support. For sheer adventure, definitely a hit. (Feb.)

★ WISE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Brilliantly aided by a fine story, Leigh Jason's direction and a cast that immensely enjoys itself. Two orphaned children are adopted by struggling artist Ray Milland. Miriam resents his interference and how. Milland was born for his rôle, and Henry Stephenson and the children are delicious. Catch this quick. (March)

WITHOUT WARNING—Warners

This chilling murder mystery is laid in an island army post. Boris Karloff is suspected, of course, but it falls to Marie Wilson in her best dumb-cluck manner to solve the crime. (Jan.)

★ YOU'RE A SWEETHEART—Universal

A Broadway show in the making is the background of this story and fortunately provides the most important elements in the plot. George Murphy really comes into his own as a dancer and singer, and Alice Faye also sings song hits as only she can. Ken Murray and Oswald of radio fame lend support. It's a nifty. (March)

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE—M-G-M

There is something in these homely little dramas dealing with simple human emotions. Here you have father Lewis Stone, mother Fay Holden, son Mickey Rooney and daughter Cecilia Parker setting off for a vacation at Catalina. Laughs and tears abound. Mickey, as usual, walks off with acting honors. (Feb.)

Exclusive PHOENIX process

creates hosiery that *blooms*
with *life..strength..beauty*



Copyright 1938, Phoenix Hosiery Co.

hosiery looks as sheer as fine evening hose, yet wears like the heavier street weights you've probably been wearing. There is no extra cost for Vita-Bloom. Look for this label on every pair of genuine Phoenix Vita-Bloom Hosiery.

You're sure of yourself in PHOENIX

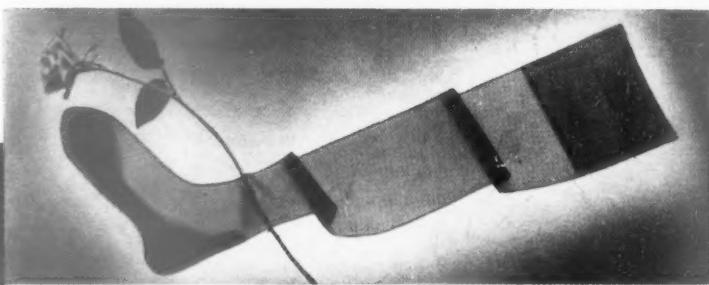
THE REASON FOR VITA-BLOOM

1 Raw silk is protected by a natural protein substance that gives the thread its amazing strength and vitality. This vital element is removed from the silk in the making of hosiery. Hosiery manufacturers have tried to overcome this for years.



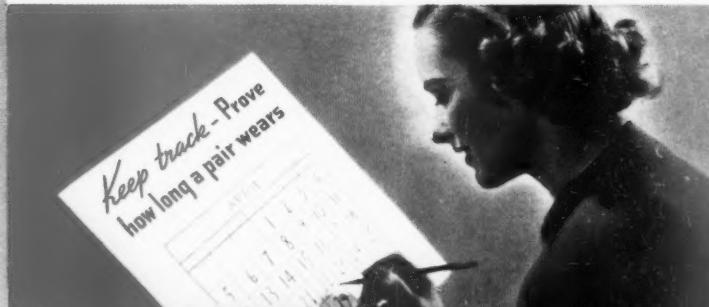
WHAT VITA-BLOOM IS

2 Now Vita-Bloom, a new secret method (patents pending), an extra manufacturing process used only by Phoenix, restores this life-giving protein. Vita-Bloom definitely improves Phoenix Hosiery.



WHAT VITA-BLOOM DOES

3 You can see the new depth and "bloom" of color. You can feel the smooth, soft, even texture. You can prove the longer life, the snag-and-wear-resistant quality by trying the new Phoenix Vita-Bloom.



Vita-Bloom

PHOENIX
Vita-Bloom
HOSIERY





Charming
with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids

